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# COUNTRY LIFE

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RITA MARTIN.

THE COUNTESS OF KINNOULL.

74, Baker Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## ECONOMICS OF . . DAIRY-FARMING.

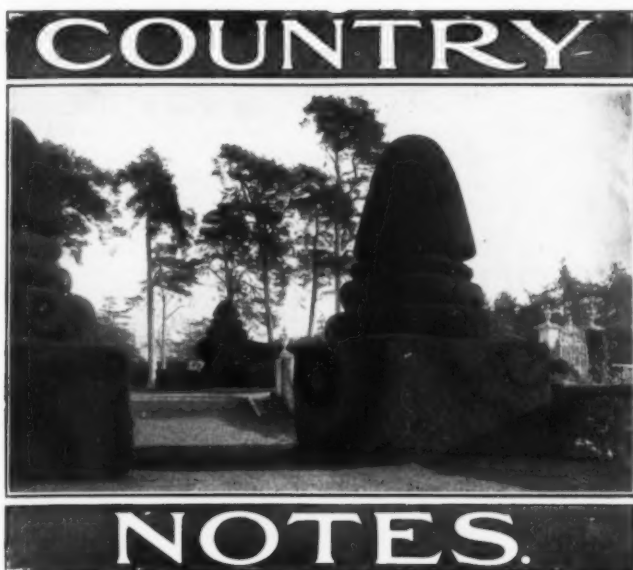
DURING the past week, when the Dairy Show was being held in London, a great many topics were discussed which had only an indirect bearing on the exhibition. The Dairy Show has figured considerably in the advancement of the industry, and its increased prosperity is the best testimony that could be given to the enterprise and intelligence of those responsible for its management. But farmers are confronted with many questions which do not come within the purview of the show. There is, for example, the determination of what is the most profitable cow for the purpose of those who supply milk to the metropolis and other great towns. We all know something about the merits of the Jersey, the shorthorn and other milking breeds. The Dairy Shorthorn Society has shown that there are potentialities about the breed that have not yet been fully expounded. It remains the fact, however, to-day as it was yesterday, that the majority of hard-headed dairy-farmers do not care for pedigree animals at all. Even when they have herds the members of which are qualified for the Herd Book of the Shorthorn Society, they do not care to register them because of the prejudice against pedigree shorthorns that exists on the part of those who keep cows exclusively for milk. They believe, rightly or wrongly, that the best animal for their purpose is a cross-bred one, and the cross that is most popular among those who do not exhibit is that with a Dutch bull, for the very simple reason that the Dutch breed, even if it does not give quality of milk, gives quantity; and provided that the official standard is reached, it is, of course, the aim of the milk-producer to obtain the largest quantity possible from his animals.

Now, it should be possible to determine with a fair amount of certainty what breed of cow is best fitted to yield the dairy farmer a profit. We want somebody who has the means and the will to carry out a very large experiment for the purpose of ascertaining once and for all the merits of the rival breeds and of their crosses. It can scarcely be altogether a superstition on the part of the cow-keeper that a cross-bred animal is the best for his purpose, since in other departments of livestock we find the principle prevail that a first cross between two pure-bred animals is usually more vigorous than either parent, and of more utility in every way. We are quite aware that the tendency among owners of herds is in the other direction. They seek to attain their ends by careful selection of the ancestry. It stands to reason that if you want a milking cow you must get a milking strain, and the further back the pedigree can go the more certain is success, because, as a certain well-known owner boasts, if the sires and dams have been carefully selected for a number of generations there is nothing bad to throw back to. But in reality those who advocate a cross-bred animal have nothing to say against this system, since it only demands that the bull should be of a good milking strain and the cow of a good milking strain; if they happen to be of different breeds, there is no reason to think that the calf would be any the worse a milker for that. At any rate, here we have an important question that should be the subject of an experiment carried out by the ablest and most competent men we can find. There are other matters of detail that require very careful attention if the most is to be made out of our resources. For example, there is a need to avoid leakage and waste in the milk supply. As matters stand at present, the demand for milk during certain winter months is generally in excess of the supply, and the farmer can sell all he produces at a reasonable price; but in early summer when the flush of milk is on and cows are at their highest yield, often the supply of milk tends to exceed the demand and a considerable quantity is lost. In one or two isolated districts energetic efforts have been made to avert this loss by the establishment of dairies, where the surplus milk can be manufactured into cheese or butter during May and June, the months when the milk supply is most abundant. A wide extension of this principle is required, and probably it would be found that cheese-making would turn out more profitable than butter-making. The demand in these days is all for fresh butter, and it is obvious that, at a time of year when there would be a surplus of cream available for the purpose of making butter, the market rates would be at their lowest, and there would be no very great profit. The English butter-maker under any circumstances has a vast amount of competition to deal with, and it is not to be believed that he could hold his own in early summer against Denmark and Brittany. On the other hand, it is very different with the finer sorts of cheese. These may be manufactured in summer, and be all the better if kept for consumption in the winter, or even later than that. To make the extra milk into cheese, then, would be an ideal way of saving it. Of course, however, there is practical difficulty connected with this. The quality of cheese depends, in a great measure, on the land where the grass is grown, and unless the pastures are suitable no human skill is available to produce cheese of the very first quality. That is how it comes about that districts have won fame for their cheese, and though the practice has become common for the cheese of one district to be imitated in another, it is not to be commended. There are many other dairy products, such as cream cheeses, that could be produced where the establishment of a cheese factory was not desirable. We need not go further into particulars on the subject, but enough has been said to show what possibilities there are of gain in this direction by a more careful and more economical system. Butter-making at present is not a very hopeful calling for the English farmer, and those who are continually referring to the example of Denmark have not, as a rule, paid any very close attention to the subject. If the Danes could sell their milk with the same facility as the farmers of the English Shires, it is safe to say that they would soon abandon the manufacture of butter, for the simple reason that in its simplest form milk commands a better price than it does in its manufactured form.

### Our Portrait Illustration.

THE frontispiece is a portrait of the Countess of Kinnoull, daughter of the late Edward T. G. Darell, Esq.

\*.\* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



**L**ORD KITCHENER is not much in the habit of public speaking, but when he does open his mouth it is generally to utter some truth worth heeding. His speech at the opening of the Medical Session on Monday, when he distributed the prizes at Middlesex Hospital, was unflattering and uncompromising. He does not think that we have made such advance in tropical medicine as some of our contemporaries; and this is the less to our credit because so many of the King's dominions lie under a tropical sun, and our fellow-countrymen there have to struggle with tropical diseases. Evidently the example of Panama was in his mind. At Panama work at one time was reduced to a standstill owing to the ravages of those insects which are the plague of tropical regions; but American science was equal to the occasion, and provided a means whereby work can go on. Lord Kitchener referred pointedly to the difficulties met and not overcome in India, where malaria continues to thrive owing chiefly to the lack of sanitation in the houses and in the methods of living of the natives. To overcome that is a task that is well worthy of the most able of the young medical students who listened to him on Monday afternoon. The School of Tropical Medicine is making very great efforts to remedy the weakness that Lord Kitchener pointed out, and it is to be hoped that his impressive words will help those who have the interests of that institution at heart.

Sir Conan Doyle, as became a physician who is also a literary man, dealt at St. Mary's Hospital with the lighter and more romantic side of medical history. He appears to think that there would have been no French Revolution had it not been for the fact that the prime movers in it were "a diseased company—a pathological museum." But then in the course of his animated speech he almost proved, without wishing to do so, that the possession of a disease is an element of greatness. Julius Caesar was an epileptic, so was Mahomet. Napoleon went through a great part of his career under the effects of the disease which ultimately killed him at St. Helena. One of the most striking cases produced by Sir Conan Doyle was that of Louis XIV., who agreed to the revocation of the Edict of Nantes owing to the pressure of Mme. de Maintenon and his clerical advisers. If you ask why, Sir Conan Doyle answers that the cause lay in one of his molar teeth. He had toothache, caries, abscess of the jaw and, finally, a sinus which required operation. It was this toothache, then, which the poet Burns called "the hell of a' diseases," that had the effect of modifying history.

Considerable attention has been attracted by the article we published last week on the experiment which has been tried to ascertain the most profitable breed of sheep to keep for the Southern farmer. Owners of Herdwicks in Cumberland also seem to have discovered that in these days it is necessary to turn their resources to the very best account. The sheep-farmer must not be satisfied with knowing that his breed is good, but must always be on the look-out for methods to make it better. In the Lakeland Fell District a new system of cross-breeding is being tried. The best of the Herdwick rams are kept to maintain the purity of the breed. Others are used to produce the "greyfaced" lambs which are used by the Lowland farmers for breeding purposes. Hitherto the plan has been to cross these with Border Leicester, Leicester, Wensleydale or Down rams;

but the fashion for the moment is to substitute for these rams of the Leicester-Wensleydale cross. Those most in favour of this cross say that the lambs by the Border Leicester lack wool, those by the Leicester are too small, those by the Wensleydale want compactness. It is asserted that these defects are overcome by the use of the new cross-bred, Leicester-Wensleydale. Be this as it may, the fact that the Cumbrian farmers are looking out for means of improving the sheep they are so proud of testifies to the existence of the same feeling there as in the South, namely, that in these days only the very best breed is good enough.

That Ireland remains the land of the bull and the paradox may be seen even from a dry statistical report on her exports and imports. It is a most curious fact that Ireland should, while exporting thirty millions of farm produce and foodstuffs, import twenty millions. These imports consist to a large extent of articles produced in Ireland, such as bacon, butter, eggs, poultry, grain, flour, fruit and vegetables. No wonder that the writer of the report expressed surprise that Ireland does not meet this market herself. One reason, perhaps, is that if the population of Ireland be divided into two portions, which we may roughly describe as the fastidious and those who are not fastidious, it will be found that the imported products go mostly to the former. Ireland for many years had the unenviable notoriety of producing food under conditions the reverse of cleanly. Despite all the progress that has been made during recent years, this ill-reputation still clings to Ireland. It was advanced only the other day to the present writer as a reason for not keeping Irish butter by a leading official in one of the largest butter-dealing concerns in England. Now that the old bad state of things is being changed, however, patriotic Irishmen of the upper classes and their visitors would do well to show the example of consuming the products of the country. It does not speak well for them that Ireland should spend twenty millions on what she could easily grow herself.

#### FIVE EYES.

In Hans' old Mill  
His three black cats  
Watch the bins  
For the thieving rats.  
Whisker and claw,  
They crouch in the night,  
Their five eyes smouldering  
Green and bright.  
Squeaks from the flour-sacks,  
Squeaks from where  
The cold wind sighs  
On the crazy stair;  
Squeaking and scampering  
Everywhere . . .  
Then down they pounce,  
Now in, now out,  
At whisking tail  
And sniffing snout.  
As for old Hans,  
He snores away  
Till peep of light  
At break of day;  
Then up he climbs  
To his creaking Mill,  
Out come his cats  
All grey with meal,  
Jekkul and Jessup  
And one-eyed Jill.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

A glance at the programme of the Royal Geographical Society for the lecture season which begins next month, forces the reflection that, in spite of modern activity, there are still many unexplored portions of the earth. Of them the most interesting at the moment is Dutch New Guinea, where, as our readers know, an expedition sent out by the British Ornithologists' Union, and commanded by Mr. Walter Goodfellow, is at present at work. On November 21st Dr. H. A. Lorentz, who was the first explorer to penetrate the glaciated snow-capped mountains which our fellow-countrymen are exploring at the present moment, will give a description of his experiences. His account of the journey when he went up to Mount Wilhelm is evidently suggestive of the hardships and dangers which attend the expedition. There is not only the hardship, but the awful peril of beri-beri, to be dreaded, and it is very evident that the pluck and resolution of Mr. Goodfellow and his friends will be put to a very high test before they succeed in making a geographical study of the Snow Mountains.



The opening on Monday of a public enquiry into the bye-laws regulating the employment of children under fourteen is a step in the right direction. It shows that the State is gradually realising its duty to the children. The mischief wrought by the employment of young people in "blind alley" occupations has been lessened to some extent by private agencies, school teachers and local education authorities; but now that Labour Exchanges have been established, the chance has come to do something more for the children. A Juvenile Labour Exchange has been opened in Manchester this week, and the subject will doubtless be considered in Parliament early next session. The Juvenile Labour Exchange, however, must be a very different thing from that for adult workers. For the latter, all that was wanted was a means for finding jobs for those who applied for them; but for children, the work of the Exchanges must include something more than this.

To be of any value, a Juvenile Labour Exchange must be in the hands of those who have studied different kinds of children as well as different kinds of work, and they must be in personal contact not only with children, but with their parents also, and must have an unflinching supply of tact, sympathy and encouragement. The Board of Trade has provided for these new Exchanges in special regulations. Advisory committees are to be formed, consisting of Labour Exchange officials, educationists and social experts; and these will register the children, and give them and their parents advice and information in the choice of a career. There has been some agitation to keep the working of the Juvenile Labour Exchanges in the hands of the educationists; but it is important that the Board of Trade and the Board of Education should work together. To be effective, a Juvenile Labour Exchange must be managed by some who know where jobs are to be had, as well as others who know which jobs are suitable to children.

A few weeks ago we commented on the very poor honey returns that beekeepers in the South of England have received in this very wet and unkindly season. More encouraging reports are to hand from the North, where more is expected from the Heather than from the flower honey. The brilliant sunshine of September arrived just in time for those who had carted their bees to the moors in the dull disheartening days of August. As it happened, the heather had produced an exceptionally fine show of bloom, so that when the conditions suddenly changed for the better the little winged harvesters had rich fields to work. We hear that "top" swarms did best, the "top" swarm, as most of our readers know, being the first that comes, so that the event justifies the old saw that "A swarm in May is worth a load of hay." Heather honey always commands a higher price than the other, and this year will possess even more than the usual advantage. A forty-pound "top" may be expected to bring about fifty shillings.

In many of the villages in Kent and other fruit-growing counties it is usual for the people, both poor and rich, to send offerings of fruit and flowers and other country produce to the parish church on Harvest Thanksgiving Sunday. The said offerings are subsequently distributed to some hospital or other charitable institution. It is a marked sign of the present season that these offerings are unusually meagre. In some cases the cottagers have been unable to send fruit at all, and have offered instead some butter, eggs, or other produce of the farm. We do not remember ever to have seen them reduced to this kind of offering before.

That health is governing inventive genius as applied to machinery for the dairy is very evident from the character of the new contrivances which were exhibited at the Dairy Show during the present week. They nearly all take the form of appliances to aid the farmer, the milkmaid and the distributor to give the public pure and uncontaminated milk. A few examples will be sufficient to prove this. One of the most important inventions is a machine to wash and sterilise milk bottles; by its aid no fewer than three thousand bottles can be purified in an hour. The improved railway churns, the quick bottle-filler and the germ-proof refrigerator are all framed for the same general purpose; while a soured-milk apparatus gives us a hint that the favourite doctrine of M. Metchnikoff is meeting with an increasing share of popular approval. These considerations serve to show that the consuming public has set its mind on pure food; thanks, no doubt, to the teaching which has been showered upon it by bacteriologists, medical officers of health and others highly qualified to speak. It is particularly to be noticed that preparations are on foot to extend the trade in bottled milk, the form in which this dairy product is most likely to come to the table germ-free and uncontaminated.

The suggestion has been made, and it is, to say the least, worth noting, that the reason why the salmon appear to have been running up our rivers rather earlier than usual this year has some connection with a higher temperature than is usual of the sea water during the months of spring and earlier summer. It may be objected that there is no very clear evidence that this higher temperature has prevailed; but there is, at all events, some presumption in its favour, in the undoubted fact that the ice in the sub-Arctic and Arctic seas came away at a much earlier date than usual. The fishing-boats were able to go North nearly a month before the normal time, and trans-Atlantic voyagers met unprecedentedly few bergs. Whether this fact and the early running up of the anadromous fish are really connected as cause and effect it would be hard to say; but the idea suggests a line of future observation which may conceivably lead to a definite conclusion.

A first instalment of the work of the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments in England has been published, and may be described at once as a most valuable addition to antiquarian literature. It deals with the county of Hertfordshire, and takes the form of an exhaustive survey of all the memorials of the past belonging to that county. The mere fact that such a list as is now presented has been drawn up and is available for future reference is of importance. Henceforth it will furnish the tourist, no less than the maker of guide-books and local histories, with a mass of accurate information in place of the loose gossip that is so frequently used in place of historical fact. All that was possible in the way of description and pictures has been done to draw attention to those heritages from the past which deserve the care of the present generation and ought to be handed down to posterity in a form as perfect as possible. They show, among other things, what a very interesting county Hertfordshire is from the antiquarian point of view. Its centre, St. Albans, is the very abode of history, although ruthless change has played havoc with so much that came from the past; but the farm places and hamlets and villages, its churches, halls and towers furnish suggestive material for those who like to brood over the past.

#### A LAZY BARD'S LAMENT.

No longer now the whitethroat flings  
His hurried notes abroad and sings  
Of love and life and creepy things  
That crawl in June.  
For gentle Summer now lies dead,  
Her winged messengers are fled,  
Your bard to-day must sing instead  
Some other tune.

A tender lay of fallen leaves,  
Such fantasies as Autumn weaves  
When not a poet's heart but grieves,  
He knows not why.  
Or blaze away his rhymes red-hot  
At things he'd have you think he shot  
And sing of hares,—insane or not,  
And rabbit pie.

Then rise to greet each hunting morn  
And sound, anon, the echoing horn  
And hymn the joys that do adorn  
A scarlet coat.  
Urging his faithful Peggy up  
And down, while drinking deep the cup  
Of bitterness withal.—(Come hup,  
You silly goat!)

R. D. R.

The Scottish salmon-angler, on those rivers which remain open for his sport, is still, at the moment of writing, playing something like the rôle of the classic rustic waiting for the downflowing of the water. The difference is that, whereas that patient clodhopper waited in the expectation of going over dry-foot, the angler is hoping for a "spate" which will bring the fish to his fly, and that, unfortunately, is what a spate does not invariably do. We are told of such rivers as the Tay, for instance, that the pools are quite stocked with fish, and the angler's hope is that when the river rises he may catch them. But it is a hope which we have known grievously disappointed again and again, for the very simple reason that the first thing these fish do, on the coming of the spate, is to run up to the higher reaches, and the pools which were full of fish in the low water may not have a salmon in them when the water rises. Moreover, those fish that have been waiting, like the angler, for the rising flood are seldom in good appetite for the fly, nor, even when caught, are very satisfactory to the appetite of the human diner. The Tay is to be quoted as rather a striking instance of the present lowness of the water, because its height is generally well maintained by the loch from which it issues.



## SUMMER EXERCISE WITH THE BELVOIR.

THE view of the Belvoir kennels recalls to my mind a visit paid there when the late huntsman, Frank Gillard, who has just passed away, was still at the height of his fame, and I can recollect his courtly manner and his just pride in the entry which he showed me. This was the year in which Dexter, who still remains in my memory as one of the finest types of foxhound that I have ever seen, was put on, and he justified the opinion formed of him by transmitting his excellence to some of the best hounds of our day in many kennels. There, too, was that magnificent group of stallion hounds, Donovan, Watchman, Gordon and Nominal, and outside old Gambler waited for the notice of his master. The old hound had retired from active life, and roamed about the huntsman's house and the kennels at his will. In the cub-hunting season, when the great Belvoir woods

were drawn, Gambler would still join the pack, and help to find a litter of cubs. Towards the end of his long life—he lived for fifteen years—the old hound grew very deaf, and could no longer hear the music of his comrades in the woods. He would return home when separated from the pack. Even then in his old age he was a model of a foxhound, massive in bone, perfect in shape and with a certain characteristic expression of resolution. If Frank Gillard had done no more for fox-hunting than the breeding of Weathergauge, Gambler and Dexter, his name would still live in hunting history.

But Gillard's services have been even greater than this. Gillard was born in Devonshire in 1838, and had his first experience of foxhounds in his native county as second whipper-in to the late Mark Rolle. He himself, however, dated his real start in life from his appointment as second whipper-in to the Belvoir, under the sixth Duke of Rutland. This was a memorable period in the history of the Belvoir Hunt. Lord Forester's brilliant reign as Master had just come to an end, and the Duke of Rutland was at the beginning of an equally successful

Mastership. Will Goodall was still huntsman, though his time was drawing to an end. In those days the Belvoir hounds and hunt servants worked hard. The Duke was tremendously keen, and would draw on till stopped by darkness, and regardless of the fact that but two or three of the field were left. I have often thought that the splendid constitution of the Belvoir hounds and the fact that they last longer than others are due partly to the Belvoir custom of drawing on and making long

days, and also that it has never been the custom of Belvoir to keep more hounds than are required for their work. Indeed, I have been told by one who hunted with them all his life that in Will Goodall's time the hounds sometimes required to be roused from their benches on a hunting morning. This hard work no doubt weeded out the weaklings and left only the hounds of the stoutest constitutions on the benches. I remember saying to

Gillard how few hounds in some kennels lasted more than three or four seasons. "Indeed, sir," he replied, "I should think there was something very wrong with our breeding and kennel management if that was the case here."

Gillard spent seven years at Belvoir as second and first whipper-in, and then went to the South Notts and the Quorn as kennel huntsman to Mr. Musters, returning to Belvoir as huntsman in 1870. For twenty-six years he hunted the hounds under the sixth and seventh Dukes of Rutland, and bred the hounds up to such a standard as had never been seen before. A clever huntsman, a horseman who could make the best of his horse, good or bad, Gillard's period as huntsman to the Duke was a successful one, especially when we consider that during the latter part of it he was very much his own master. But when we look at the huntsman's house and the kennels in the picture we must not forget that Gillard was building on the foundations laid by his predecessors. In the comfortable huntsman's house old Goosey and Tom Sebright used to spend hours puzzling out the sort, with fortunate results, for the



W. A. Rouch.

IN FRONT OF THE KENNELS.

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W. A. Rouch.

MORNING EXERCISE.

Copyright.

breeding of the two packs, the Belvoir and Fitzwilliam, which were, and still are, the standards of excellence and the source of the best working foxhounds of the day. To Goosey succeeded Will Goodall, whose methods of hunting hounds have never been improved upon, and whose fine judgment, assisted and controlled by that of Lord Forester, brought back again the long-exiled Furrier blood, and, through Brocklesby Rallywood, transformed the Belvoir pack, and by consequence the foxhounds of England.

Then there was Cooper, one of the finest horsemen who ever rode over the Belvoir country. It was Cooper who bred Senator, a hound famous for resolution, nose and drive, and whose great grandson, Newsman, once shook even Gillard's faith by the way he carried the line down a road. Not another hound could speak to it, but Newsman held on for half a mile, and a good run and a kill were the result. One of Gillard's points in breeding hounds was derived from Mr. Chaworth Musters, who liked a small hound, and considered that the best size bitch to breed from was twenty-two inches. In Gillard's time the standard of the dogs was twenty-three and a-half inches, and of the bitches about twenty-two. He found a tendency to increase on the height of the parents in the progeny of hounds of this size. The Belvoir hounds are remarkable for bone, seven and three-quarter inches below the elbow being a common measurement, and this is the result of judicious selection from hounds of medium size to breed from. No hounds have preserved such quality and substance combined as these. The present huntsman is Ben Capel, and he has proved a worthy successor to the line of famous huntsmen who have lived in the house at the foot of the castle hill at Belvoir. He bred Weaver, the greatest hound bred at the Belvoir kennels since



W. A. Rouch.

ENTERING THE WATER.

Copyright.

Gambier, whom, to my mind, he resembles greatly in character. Weaver is no longer seen with the pack, for he was killed by the kick of a horse near Sproxton Thorns, the beautiful, square covert associated with so much sport, and now, alas, with the above-named tragedy. Another beautiful hound, Daystar, was killed not long before, and it would be well if people hunting

with the Belvoir would remember that carelessness or recklessness may inflict an injury not only on the Belvoir, but upon every kennel in England. Luckily, Weaver left a son, Wizard, who represents the perfection of bone and substance with the greatest quality and breeding. This hound is an instance of the fact that in-breeding does not necessarily reduce substance, for he has two crosses to Dexter, and I may also note in passing that he strains back to Grafton Woodman, an out-cross that has been of immense benefit to our modern kennels.

Another secret of Belvoir success is to be found in the tradition of good summer work which has always prevailed in the kennel. Not even Belvoir blood and Belvoir drive would be of much use without the condition which is obtained by serious work during the summer months. A famous huntsman told me once that he looked forward to the hunting season not only for the sport, but as being far less trying work than the preparation for it. We have here a picture of the hounds returning from one of these long early morning trots in the summer, and I would ask my readers to note the liberty allowed to the hounds by the men, and the beautiful carriage of the sterna, which is one of the characteristics of the Belvoir hounds. Two other pictures show the hounds crossing the lake in the park, and I believe that there are few better exercises, in moderation, than swimming. In India we used, when the ground was



W. A. Rouch.

REVELLING IN WATER.

Copyright.

very hard, to give our horses in training some of their work by swimming them behind a boat. We found it valuable for improving condition, and I have very little doubt that what is true of horses is true also of hounds. In the picture which represents the hounds returning to their kennels after exercise, we can note the extraordinary family likeness and uniform colouring of the pack. At one time the sixth Duke desired to



W. A. Rouch.

CROSSING THE BRIDGE.

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have a few light-coloured hounds, badger pies or even white hounds, to set off the rich colouring of the rest. Gillard used to say that he never could find a light-coloured hound good enough to put on, and the late Duke (seventh) told me that both his brother and himself would have liked some lighter-coloured hounds by way of contrast. "But," he added, "somehow or other they never live to join the pack."

In all that pack there are few hounds not bred from Belvoir sires. The one exception that I can identify is by Meynell Why Not, and he is, after all, only one generation from Belvoir Vagabond. If, again, we look at the hounds grouped together we shall see among them the sires of most of the prize hounds either in local puppy shows or at Peterborough, Reigate or Exeter of the present season. The great success of the Cattistock is due to a judicious use of Belvoir sires, and watching those hounds from day to day, a careful observer can note in Dorsetshire and elsewhere how the sons and daughters of Carnival, Governor, Vagabond, or in later years Weaver, Wizard or Ragman, inherit not merely the strength and symmetry of their sires, but also their peculiar gifts in the field of nose, drive and dash.

Of the hounds to be illustrated, Nestor is rather lighter-coloured than many of the pack, but in his work he represents the famous Belvoir quality of drive. Rallywood, by Ragman, was the second prize hound of his year, but he has improved in looks very much since his puppy days, and is a testimony to the impressive powers of his sire, who seems to me to transmit his qualities almost better than any other hound of the day, combining as he does through his grandsire, Holderness Rustic, by Belvoir Rusticus out of Alice, the blood of Gambler, and on the maternal side that of Brocklesby Streamer. The last named goes back to Lord Henry Bentinck's favourite Saladin. Rieter, son of Ragman, has caught the notice of the Masters of the Grafton, who speak highly of his puppies. Vulcan and Smoker, sons of Wizard and Stormer respectively, are models of strength and power. Smoker has more bone than his father, and Stormer

has transmitted to him, as to his other sons, his great gifts as a fox-catcher.

So much for the present of the hounds as we see them before us to-day, as they can best be observed, in the surroundings at their home at Belvoir. It is impossible not to reflect upon the associations with the past of the Belvoir kennels and country. How many noted characters have followed, or tried to follow,

these hounds. In 1843 the Prince Consort made one of his rare appearances with fox-hounds with the Belvoir. He was piloted by Lord Wilton, of whom a contemporary says: "He was certainly one of the best riders over a country that I ever saw." He is described by Bernal Osborne in the following verses:

Next on his switch-tail bay, with  
wandering eye,  
Attenuated Wilton canters by,  
His character how difficult to know—  
A compound of psalm tunes and  
tally-ho!

A forward rider half disposed to  
preach,  
Though less inclined to practise than  
to teach:

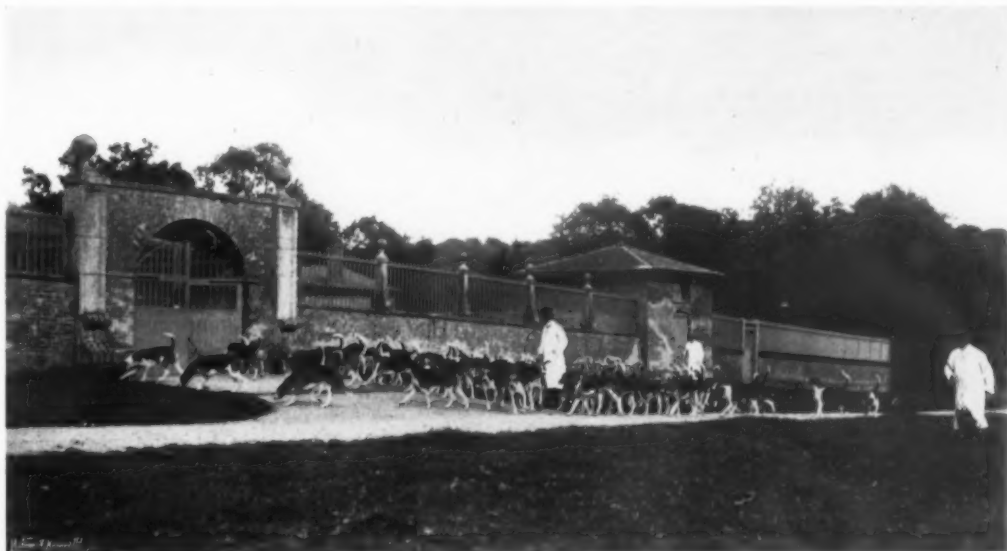
An amorous lover with a Saintry twist,  
And now a jockey, now an organist.

"The Prince rode well, clearing," says the chronicler,  
"five-barred gates with an  
utter indifference to what  
might be on the other side."

What is meant by this it is  
rather difficult to see, since

one of the advantages of jumping gates is that it is perfectly plain to see what awaits you.

In still earlier days Beau Brummel, a frequent visitor at Belvoir, had followed the hounds, but without showing any remarkable partiality for five-barred gates. There was the famous banker also who once shot a fox by mistake for a hare and never heard the last of it. It is interesting to note, by the way, that Crabbe, the poet, who was chaplain at Belvoir in Brummel's time, was greatly pleased and amused by the conversation of the Beau. Another story they still tell in the Belvoir country is of Will Goodall's own account of his first ride to hounds. "I once took Mr. Dorrien's horse to meet the Heythrop hounds at Hackby. (I was only thirteen at the time.) When there he said, 'Bill, should you like to see them find?' Of course, I said yes. Jim Hill (the huntsman) said, 'Come along with me,' and I did. They found a fox, and had



W. A. Rouch.

BACK TO THE KENNELS.

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twenty-five minutes, in view all the way, and killed him. I got either seven or eight regular spinners, and got up nearly as soon as any of them, much to Mr. Dorrien's horror when he came up and saw me covered in dirt, and told me the horse was stone blind, and I ought to have gone home directly the hounds found." There is also a story of a man who appeared in boots and breeches on a donkey, and, of course, created great



amusement. But, to the astonishment of everyone, he managed to keep up with the hounds, and even to make his way through, even if not over, the fences. Indeed, the catalogue of famous people who have hunted with the Belvoir is a long one. The late King was there more than once. The late Duke of Cambridge was of the number, and before that the great Duke of Wellington, who, mounted on one of Lord Tweeddale's favourite horses, said that he thought the Belvoir country was not so much more difficult to ride over than the H.H., which is a greater testimony to the excellence of his mount than to the Duke's eye for a country.

Another group of characters who deserve to be remembered were the hunting parsons of Belvoir. Almost without exception the Lincolnshire clergy who hunted were widely known and respected both in the pulpit and out. They were, for the most part, among the best horsemen in the records of the Hunt, and they not only rode well, but lasted a long time. Mr. Houson, the rector of Brant Broughton, was a notable man and a grand horseman. "If anyone had the best of it," said the late Mr. John Welby, speaking of a run during which hounds travelled from Folkingham Gorse to Aslackby Wood in forty minutes, "it was Mr. Houson on his old grey horse, the rider being in his seventy-fourth year." Major Longstaffe told me: "I have seen him lead the Belvoir field at eighty years of age; with his perfect seat, his accurate judgment and the lightest of hands he could make a hunter as well as any man."

The "Lays of Belvoir" are full of the exploits and the humours of the Rev. Banks Wright, a brilliant rider in a Belvoir burst. He was supposed to estimate his own riding, brilliant as it was, at its full value. In the above-mentioned lays this weakness is touched lightly:

Who now can say of me in scorn,  
"Banks in the front can never stick?"  
Who'll say I cannot beat the Quorn;  
Eh, and the Belvoir fast ones lick?  
Mount me but on my thorough-bred,  
I'll show you how I earn my fame;  
The black can always beat the red,  
And score the honours of the game.

Then there was Mr. Heathcote of Lenton, whose memory in the Hunt is still kept alive by the gorse he planted. There was also the Rev. T. Bullen of Eastwell, who was present at

Salamanca and the retreat from Burgos, who hunted for eighty seasons, and until a very few years before his eightieth birthday rode hard across country. There was Mr. John Welby himself, possibly the finest horseman of them all, and in the present there is the rector of Waltham, who is still hard to beat over the Belvoir Vale. Even in earlier days there were several ladies who hunted more or less regularly, or at least took a great deal of interest in the pack. The wife of the second Lord Forester, so well remembered as one of the best Masters of the Belvoir, was by birth Countess Alexandra von Maltzan; she took kindly to the sport, and showed a great interest in the hounds. Lord Forester writes to Cooper to congratulate him on a great run from Coston Gorse, and adds: "My lady wishes much to know the names of the eight and a-half couple of hounds that were in the run." And later in another letter: "Lady Forester is much pleased at finding several of her favourites among the eight and a-half couple." There was also a Miss Manners, who, on being advised to return home after a fall, replied that she was unwilling to do so, because she was certain that her papa would be very angry if she came back before the fox was killed. Lastly, to come to recent times, there was the late Duke of Rutland, who used to ride hard when he could spare time from his duties to the State. There were also his sons, Lord Edward, who for a time acted as Master for his father, and was a bold and brilliant rider, with something of the same recklessness which was characteristic of his uncle, the sixth Duke, in the hunting-field, and Lord Robert, whom neither short sight nor heavy weight stopped when hounds were running. No doubt the Belvoir Hunt was never better managed nor the pack more perfect than under the present Master, Sir Gilbert Greenall, and it seems difficult to believe that there were ever any hounds so good and handsome as those of the present day. Yet we do not forget that this excellence is inherited from the canine heroes of the past, such as Raglan, Songstress, or the sons and daughters of Goosey's favourite, Rasselas, of whom the old huntsman said: "I hardly knew one of them to make a mistake in their lives. There's nine couple and a-half of them, and every one a clipper." It was of this same Rasselas that the old huntsman remarked quaintly, when asked after him: "There never was a better, but he's kennelled now, I beg to say, sir, in another and a better world." X.

(A second article will be published on October 15th).

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

### WORKING OXEN.

FOR anyone to suggest going back to the old practice of using oxen for farmwork in these days of machinery and swift motion seems at first sight almost absurd. It would be called a retrograde policy, and an attempt to fly in the face of progress and science. Yet there is much to be said in favour of a system that has been in vogue from the earliest ages and has not, even yet, quite died out. In the writer's younger days we never dreamed of dispensing with our oxen as useful auxiliaries in working the land. We used to start them in a field by themselves, putting six to a double-furrowed plough, and often to a scuffle or a heavy drag, but seldom or never employed them to draw carts or waggons. It was considered that they not only earned their living, but grew more valuable up to the age of five. They appeared to move slowly, but, like the tortoise, their progress was sure, and the work they got through was surprising. The idea of reviving ox labour has been lately mooted in the agricultural Press, and at least one scientific writer boldly advocates it. Someone started the subject by asking if small occupiers could work their cows without decreasing their flow of milk; but that question seems to admit of but one answer, and that in the negative. The use of oxen on a large farm is a totally different matter, and there is no doubt that their employment would often enable farmers to keep their work well up and more thoroughly to cultivate the land by setting the horses free for that purpose. Of course, from the meat production point of view it may be urged that modern consumers would object to beef five years old, and it may be conceded that three years is long enough for rearing stock for the butcher. That objection, however, does not go very far, as the number employed would only be few. The one great difficulty in starting an ox team is the breaking in. To start one without some that have been accustomed to the collar is a serious undertaking, but young animals will soon fall into line with old workers. If, therefore, anyone feels inclined to try the experiment it will be well worth while to incur the trouble of getting some veterans which may still be found in several English counties. I believe they might be found in Devonshire, in Kent and on the Cotswold Hills. If possible, it would also be well to obtain a man who has been used to ox labour. A quick, active man does not suit their plodding ways. "He who drives fat oxen should himself be fat."

### THE DEPARTMENTS AND THE SWINE FEVER RESTRICTIONS.

The Board of Agriculture is being blamed by the middlemen for "its swine fever orders, which, according to them, are responsible for the continued shortage of pigs in this country. If there were any truth in this cry, it would surely be heard from the farmers themselves, who make no complaint on this score, and seem to regard the restrictions as a nuisance indeed, but also as an

unavoidable necessity. The pig population has always varied according to current values, and a chart drawn from the returns for a number of years shows a regular ebb and flow in the total numbers, whether regulations against disease have been in force or not. It is true that the present shortage and high range of prices have been of longer duration than usual, but that is easily accounted for by the high price of maize, which has had a great deterrent effect in America as well as here. The Board of Agriculture has to bear the brunt of these charges, whether or no they are founded on fact; but there is no doubt whatever that the Local Government Board does far more to keep down pig production by the powers it delegates to local authorities to prohibit the keeping of these animals within a certain distance of a dwelling-house. How many thousands of dwellers on the outskirts of towns, with good gardens, are debarred from keeping a pig by those hard-and-fast rules! These might well be made less stringent, with due precautions to ensure cleanly and good management, and many a poor family might then produce their own bacon. A. T. M.

### EXPERIMENTAL FARMS.

The advantage of experimental farms is now admitted on all hands, and testimony in regard to their utility is almost unanimous. Here and there a farmer may still be found who repudiates the idea that any benefit can come from scientists; but their attitude and expressed opinions only serve to show up the more strongly the general unanimity. The pioneers of agricultural progress dreamed of the time when such farms would be instituted throughout the country. "Public farms," said George Culley in 1800, "in every county, conducted by proper persons, would tend more towards forwarding the perfection of agriculture in all its branches than any other measure that has ever been suggested." The idea was not original even at that early date, for a similar scheme was evidently in Lord Kames's mind some years previously; and thirty years before Culley wrote Arthur Young had, by laborious effort, endeavoured to do the work of a college staff all by himself on a farm of three hundred acres, and the results of his experiments, as recorded in his "Course of Experimental Agriculture," are of great interest even to-day. The whole of Culley's outlook has not, however, yet been filled. Test and experiment were the main objects he had in view, but he reckoned also on his "public farm" being self-supporting, at least after a time. "The principal expense," he says, "would be at its first institution; when once got into a proper system, it would require little, if any, further aid." This was rather a bad miscalculation on Culley's part, but one that was quite excusable, because it had not entered into the minds of the eighteenth century farmers that the problems for which solutions were sought in demonstration farms were so very complex as experience has shown them to be. The few hostile critics of experimental farms continually point to the fact that, as they put it, the farms lose money







every year. Of course they lose, or rather cost, money, simply because research work, costly, elaborate and intricate, and spread over a large field, is incompatible with money-making. At the same time, the idea of a public farm which must be commercially successful is not limited to the unfriendly critic, but is shared by those whose attitude is friendly. The latter, however, recognise, and freely admit, that such a farm must be a separate and distinct undertaking, and must not be in any way mixed up with the lands on which actual cropping



A THRIVING FAMILY.

and other tests and experiments are being carried out. They urge that such commercial farms are the natural outcome of those devoted to purely experimental purposes, and that the lessons taught by the latter can only be accepted as altogether reliable when applied under ordinary working conditions such as would exist on the former. There is undoubtedly much to be said for this view, and no doubt the time will come when it will be acted upon. Such farms, it may be noted, would also supply valuable information in regard to working costs, a subject on which farmers and scientists are generally woefully ignorant. For the present, however, we must, I suppose, be content with demonstration farms as we have them. The question arises, how best may the teaching of these farms be communicated to the ordinary farmer? Bulletins are good, and lectures by the staff are also good, but undoubtedly ocular demonstration is best; to see the results on the ground with one's own eyes is worth many lectures and much reading, particularly if regular periodical inspection is possible. In Northumberland and Durham it has now been the practice of many landowners for several years to take their tenants to the county farm at Cockle Park, about the time that the corn crops are ready to cut. This is an admirable plan which enables the tenants to obtain information at first hand.

#### THE BREEDING FLOCK.

The month of September finds the sheep-breeding farmer laying his plans for another year. Mating takes place in October, and preparations must be made some while before. The draft ewes are sent away and are replaced by the gimmers, and the breeding flock is put on to a fresh pasture if possible. Where that is not practicable, artificial foods are given as a substitute. The management of the ewes during the month previous to mating calls for judgment and care, for upon it depends, in large measure, the crop of lambs next spring. It is well known that having the flock in an improving state when they are put to the ram means a better yield of lambs than when they are either too lean or too fat. And it is to secure this condition that they are given better treatment during the latter part of September and beginning of October. Though the last hundred years have brought many changes in the sheep-breeding industry, the productive power of the North Country ewe has not been altered greatly, if at all. Culley and Bailey, writing in 1800, and referring to the Dishley Leicesters, which Culley himself had introduced over thirty years previously, said, "We generally reckon one-third of the ewes to have twin lambs." That is to say, one hundred ewes were expected to give one hundred and thirty-four lambs. The average Border Leicester flock (descended in direct line from Culley's and Bakewell's sheep) will not, at the present day, yield any more under ordinary circumstances. Even half-bred stock (Border Leicester and Cheviot), which are harder and rather more prolific than pure Border Leicesters, cannot be counted on to give one hundred and fifty lambs per one hundred ewes on an average, though that is a standard which most people aim at. It might have been expected that experimental research would have followed this line long before now, and that a higher rate of yield would, ere this, have been attained. There is certainly a large field in which to operate. It is true that gimmers (which make up about one-third of a regular breeding

flock) are probably better in most cases with a single lamb than with two, but the whole of the one and two crop ewes could quite well stand the strain of bringing up two lambs each. If this could be brought about, every one hundred ewes would produce one hundred and sixty-six lambs, which would make a very material difference in the receipts from lambs sold or fattened. Only in quite recent years has any investigation worth speaking of been made into the causes which influence fertility in sheep, and, as yet, such results as have been obtained have had little effect on the practice of the ordinary farmer. It has been made abundantly clear by Marshall, who conducted investigations in Scotland in the years 1905, 1906 and 1907, that the practice of "flushing" (that is, giving extra feeding before tupping-time) materially increased the fertility of ewes, and although the fact was quite well known before in a general way, yet the statistics collected by Mr. Marshall are of the utmost value, and show just how far feeding is a controlling factor. But, after all, feeding is only one of the causes which influence productivity; there are others, some, at any rate, of which are probably controllable, and it is much to be desired that more light should be thrown upon them. Heredity has, undoubtedly, something to do with the matter, and this may be true on both sides of the house. It is a matter of general knowledge that some ewes consistently give twins, or even triplets, and everyone knows instances of extraordinary lamb crops from individual sheep. Culley, for example, tells of a ewe which gave twenty lambs in six years, and other cases may be found hardly less prolific. These cases do not, of course, by themselves prove much; but it is reasonable to suppose that definite causes have been at work in producing them, and that the number could be increased if these causes were known. There is some reason to think that the ewe is a more potent factor than the ram in determining the number of the progeny; but it is

probable that the ram also exercises some influence. In the present state of knowledge, however, no apportionment of the total contribution by both parents can, so far as I know, be made, and we must await fuller light. The relative values of ram and ewe in a flock, from other points of view than that of mating, are of some interest. From the earliest days of modern sheep-breeding, rams from pure-bred flocks were hired out or sold with the utmost freedom; but at all times the females have been guarded with the greatest care and every precaution taken to prevent them finding their way into the hands of other breeders. This has been so, at any rate, in most cases. Bakewell would on no account sell any of his females, even to his most intimate friends. Culley was an exception: he sold his draft ewes regularly at fixed prices, ranging from three to five guineas apiece; but the general practice was to send the ewes which were past breeding direct to the butcher. In the old days, when "rot" was prevalent, the cast ewes were often purposely "rotted," a plan which effectually prevented them being used again for breeding. Modern breeders are also chary about allowing their cast ewes to be re-used by others, and they usually manage to have them killed by the butcher. Speaking generally, it is only when a flock is dispersed through a man giving up breeding that outsiders have a chance of acquiring females, and it is only twice or thrice in a lifetime that such an opportunity offers of getting blood in this way. A comparison of the prices paid for ewes of the best class shows that quite as much importance is attached to female blood now as was the case a hundred years ago. The stock of Mr. Thompson of Chillingham Barns, a contemporary of Bakewell and Culley, sold for about six pounds each in the case of the gimmers and four pounds each in the case of the ewes. The Leaston flock of Border Leicesters which



W. A. Rouch.

#### BABY HEREFORDS.

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was sold the other week brought prices somewhat in excess of the above figures, the gimmers selling for over seven pounds each and the ewes from four pounds eight shillings to five pounds thirteen shillings and twopence, according to age. Ram prices are not, of course, what they used to be. The record price for a Border Leicester tup in recent times was the two hundred and eighty pounds received for a Leaston-bred animal in 1907; Bakewell, however, obtained one thousand pounds more than once for the hire of one ram for a single season. But these times are not to be expected again.

J. C.



AUTUMN PLOUGHING.





## TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

## FINDING'S KEEPING.

BY  
JOHN BARNETT.



MISS SHARLAND, thrusting a final pin into her straw hat, glanced cautiously through her bedroom window, and perceived that Mr. Durrant was leaning upon the low stone wall in front of the hotel. His attitude was studiously intended to convey the impression that he was waiting for no one, that he had nothing in his mind save admiration for the sunset that was staining the distant ring of hills. But Miss Sharland knew better. She compressed her lips slightly at the sight, and descended to the smoking-room that looked upon the back of the hotel. For the moment her face brightened, as, peering forth, it seemed to her that the coast was clear in this direction. She might go for a solitary ramble up conical Slievemore and think things over at her leisure, endeavouring to come to a final decision. . . . And then Miss Sharland gave a little vexed exclamation. She had become aware of a thin spiral of blue smoke drifting lazily from behind a tree trunk. Looking more closely, she caught a glimpse of a straw hat, whose ribbon she recognised. Mr. Alan Barton was awaiting her exit, partially hidden with simple guile. But Ethel Sharland was not easily beaten. She passed swiftly through the huge untidy kitchen, with a pleasant word for the handsome, dark-eyed maid whom she encountered, opened a side door and slipped away for the little cove unseen.

The sight of those two faithful waiting people had not really annoyed Miss Sharland very terribly, but she was not prepared to encounter either of them at the moment. The rest of their party had temporarily vanished, possibly from a mistaken wish to be tactful, and Miss Sharland did not feel equal to a solitary stroll with either Mr. Durrant or Alan Barton. She knew only too well what such a stroll would mean. For the last ten days she had been strenuously evading proposals from one or other of the pair. Mr. Durrant, in the fervour of his wooing, had gone so far as to pretend to be bogged upon the day they had climbed Slievemore and picnicked in the grey rain beside an old grey stone tower! He had lagged behind, and Ethel Sharland had been the only one of the party to hear his very faint cry for help. She had hastened back, and Mr. Durrant, knee-deep in black ooze, had withdrawn first one foot and then the other with a loud squelching sound.

"Miss Sharland—er—Miss Ethel, how good of you to come back to me!" he exclaimed. "I want—you don't know how much I want—" But Ethel Sharland's waterproof was sopping, and the rain was just beginning to penetrate uncomfortably down her neck. She had annoying doubts about the state of her hair; it irritated her vaguely to feel sure that she was not looking her best. Although the same criticism undoubtedly applied to Mr. Durrant. He was a man of forty-five, but as a rule he scarcely looked his age. At that moment he looked fifty at least. It was his unflinching habit to dress with scrupulous care, but—Irish rain can nullify the efforts of even the best tailors. There was a streak of dye from his hat upon Mr. Durrant's broad and pleasant face, and the black mud into which he had plunged with romantic intentions seemed to have spread itself comprehensively about his person.

"I thought you were bogged, Mr. Durrant!" Ethel said, sharply. "We shall have to hurry, or the others will be out of sight!"

It was just where Mr. Durrant wished them to be, but she turned upon her heel and set such a pace that he needed all his breath for other matters than proposals of marriage. And yet Miss Sharland liked him very much.

Alan Barton, for his part, had made things uncomfortable, as Miss Sharland expressed it to herself, upon the day they had explored the chain of tiny islands beyond the Sound.

After lunch, by a complete oversight upon her own part, and as a result of deep scheming upon Mr. Barton's, she had found herself alone with him in a small boat. Ethel Sharland, at once alive to the pressing danger of the situation, had insisted upon taking one of the oars. She did not row badly, and anything, she felt, was better than sitting idly in the stern and meeting Mr. Barton's eager eyes. That, she was certain, would be equivalent to asking for trouble. They had accordingly rowed for a little while in silence, and then Mr. Barton had spoken rather hoarsely from the bow thwart. A certain form of proposal which he had read in a book years before had come to his mind, and he had straightway descended to plagiarism without shame. He was a clean-built young man of nine-and-twenty, but originality of thought was certainly not his *métier*.

"We row very well together, Eth—er—Miss Sharland," he began, huskily. "I should like to go on rowing together—er—always!"

There seemed nothing for Miss Sharland to do but to take him literally. So she did it.

"Oh, I should get dreadfully tired if I rowed for long," she answered, without looking round. "Why, my wrists begin to ache after even a few minutes!"

Poor Mr. Barton reflected dismally that in fiction young women are far quicker of understanding than in real life. He wished that it was not so. It made things so very difficult. Now the girl in the book had understood at once! But he had pulled himself together resolutely and was just about to make his meaning laboriously clear, when—there came a joyous hail. Another boat, with Mr. Durrant at the helm, shot the narrow passage between two low rocky islands, and ranged alongside. Mr. Durrant since lunchtime had been searching pertinaciously for his rival's boat. He was a good-natured man, but he did not conceive that he was bound to give Mr. Barton a clear field. Alan Barton at the interruption bit off a wrong word with difficulty, and Ethel Sharland gave the newcomers a bright welcome. And yet she liked Alan very much, too.

That was indeed her trouble. She liked them both, and found it honestly difficult to come to a decision as to her final preference. That was why she had avoided them both this evening. That was why she was so glad to be alone, to think things over. That was why there was a smile of relief upon her charming face when at last she reached the yellow curve of sand without pursuit. Several light boats were rasping against the tiny stone jetty. Ethel Sharland stepped deftly into one of them, cast off, and began to row leisurely beneath the rocky flank of the little bay.

It had rained steadily all day, as is often the case in Western Ireland, but towards evening the sun had consented to appear. The grey curtain of clinging mist had drawn away from Slievemore, and its bold crags stood out, grim and keen and hard, in the clear, glorious light. The sea beneath the very base of the mountain was a wonderful vivid green, save where it broke in snowy spray, but the open water beyond was a deep and perfect blue. Ethel's boat was swinging upon an easy, lazy swell, but a quarter of a mile away there was a perpetual thundering crash of broken water. There, as she knew, a jagged fang of rock waits like a hungry crouching-beast below the surface, and there there is turmoil upon the calmest day. It is well, perhaps, that there is little traffic of ships in these waters, for the coast is inhospitable and barbarously cruel.

Behind Miss Sharland, as she pulled leisurely at the oars, the little cove of fine brown sand was gleaming bravely in the dying sunshine, and the distant hills were a delicate misty blue. Upon their steep slopes she could detect tiny dark spots where



small, sure-footed cattle clung and grazed, and beneath them her eye was caught by the glint of scattered white-walled cottages. She was coasting slowly right under the base of Slievemore, and the rain of the last two days was draining into the sea in a hundred leaping, flashing streams. In the sunlight, against the fine green weed, those delicate cascades of gleaming water were marvellously good to look upon. On the water-line of the naked rock there was a blowhole, and from it every now and then there burst huge clouds of dazzling white and glorious rainbow-tinted spray. The former were so like great clumps of splendid velvety ostrich feathers that Ethel Sharland almost longed to press her cheek against them. As the thought crossed her mind, she heard a splash, and turning in her seat saw the dark head of a seal above the water.

It was swimming lazily round the little rocky point before her bows. Its dark-whiskered head was curiously human in its outline, and it did not seem afraid. A big fellow, eight or nine feet long, he must have been, and it struck Miss Sharland as a little strange to see a real wild creature in these sheltered days. But she knew that even in those wild waters the seals are dying out. Ill fortune to the wanton man who shoots them, for they are harmless, gentle beasts. This one slid casually away from her sight, and as she rounded the jutting crag the dark mouth of the Seal Cave opened out before her. And straightway Miss Sharland came to the adventurous resolve to explore the cave that very evening.

But not yet. The slow-dying sunlight and the clean soft air were too good to leave for a while. She would hold on past the cave towards the open sea. And as the boat slid slowly forward she half turned and looked before her. The western sky was like a jewel, all soft green and rose and tender blue, and the rolling swell of the sea was being soothed to a placid calm. The sweet air upon her cheek was smooth as silk. Far away the dome-shaped Black Rock showed itself upon the hazy, opal-tinted sea, and to the right there loomed another larger island. She knew that this was Devilawn, upon whose cruel rocks a fleeing, blundering galleon of the Great Armada came crashing to her last rest.

And as she gazed at that dark, shadowy, mystic island Miss Sharland forgot for a little while her perplexities, and a vision came to her of that wild summer night three hundred years and more ago. And looking, it was not hard to imagine the tortured terror and the fierce, despairing panic of the swarthy crew that had sailed so blithely from their sunny land to bring low the insolence of the rude island heretics. The sea she looked upon was calm at the moment, but it was the sated calm of a tiger resting from a bloody raid. In a few hours those gentle waves might be leaping white and terrible against the fierce-fanged rocks, and the spumy air, despite the season, might be bitter with the cold that nipped and numbed the hearts of the luckless gallants of Spain. Brave they were, she did not doubt it; brave beyond all question—the high nobles, the gentlemen volunteers with soft white hands and keen, deadly swords, the rough soldiers and mariners, the cruel-faced priests, who thronged the shot-scarred, wave-lashed decks of that doomed galleon; but they had endured days and nights that might have awed the stoutest hearts before ever their careless saints sent them straying, like lost, bewildered cattle, adown that iron coast. Little enough could they find to cheer their hearts in the memory of the ten wild days that lay behind them. . . . "El Draco" himself had "shamefully shuffled" them down the Channel; John Hawkins and Lord Charles Howard had given them no rest. For a long week was the proud fleet herded down the narrow seas, while English women watched from the white cliffs the heavy, drifting pall of smoke and listened to the sullen thunder of the guns. . . . Then out of the hazy night came fireships—a flaming fleet, prepared by these English devils; and panic came to the Invincible Armada, panic and shame and utter fear. The galleons cut their cables, fled like stampeded horses. . . . one last rally at the dawn, and the Armada had failed utterly and for ever. But—a strong gale from the south was blowing, and the galleons, dispersed and helpless, must steer for the cheerless north.

And then Miss Sharland, alone upon the dreaming sea, pictured the last scene of all. Scotland's furthest cape has been rounded, and with the weather still thick and wild around her the doomed galleon is groping southwards through uncharted seas. There is death in the very air, and upon the splintered decks are gathered all that the sea or the English shot have spared, as the galleon surges forward buried deep in the grey hungry waves. She pictured the pale-faced priests pattering wild prayers, the soldiers and sailors haggard and red-eyed with watching and privation, the commander and his officers still stately and unmoved, still prepared to face with dignity any death or horror that saint or devil should ordain. And then—there is a mad shriek to heaven as the white, deadly

foam of breakers glimmers through the pitchy night, as their crash upon the rocks is plainly heard above the gale, and the common folk break all discipline at last as the galleon reels drunkenly to her doom. . . . Miss Sharland could but hope that God was pitiful to the many women who would strain dark eyes so long in vain.

The sea had smoothed into a sheet of dark green glass, and a white moon was sailing daintily in the sky, as Miss Sharland turned back towards the Seal Cave. It was late, but she was in no hurry to return. Dinner did not strike her as being a matter of importance that evening, and there was still that most weighty point to be settled. Three cormorants seated upon a cleft of rock above the cave seemed to eye her with strong disfavour. With their rusty black bodies, long scraggy necks and ragged sinister heads they looked, what they are, the villains or black sheep among sea-birds. They flew away, low above the waves, protesting loudly, and in a stroke or two Miss Sharland discovered the reason for their anger. Above her head upon a shelf of rock just within the cave was what looked at first sight like an untidy bundle of sticks. But in a moment a long neck was cautiously raised, and a mother cormorant glared down upon the intruder with a wrathful eye. She would not leave her eggs, and Miss Sharland had sufficient delicacy to make no effort to disturb her. The tide was running lazily out of the cave, and there was a slight swell between the narrow walls of rock. It was necessary to enter with caution. At the entrance the fresh water was pattering down, and one slow stroke brought the boat beneath it into the cool gloom. Twenty yards in Miss Sharland came alongside a high, narrow ledge, upon which she was pleased to step. She looked about her with interest. The walls of the cave shaded from bright pink into deep mauve, that presented a fine contrast to the dark green weed. The cave turned sharply to the right, and beyond she could hear a low gurgling thunder as of imprisoned rollers fighting against their bonds. Quite suddenly Miss Sharland began to think of seals, and somehow the thought was not pleasant in the twilight. She turned towards the boat, and—just caught sight of the stern disappearing slowly through the mouth of the cave!

It is no use denying that the sight was a horrid shock to Miss Sharland. She was not a coward or naturally nervous; but she had a moment of something like panic when it came home to her that in all probability, thanks to her own carelessness, she would have to spend the night alone in the cave. She could not swim, and there was nothing whatever to be done. It is one thing to stand alone in the twilight of a cave with a boat and retreat ready to your hand, and quite another to face the fact that you are compelled to endure long hours of lonely darkness in that cave. . . . But the panic passed and Miss Sharland sat herself down upon her ledge. Luckily, her coat was of thick tweed, and the night promised to be fairly warm. But it would be terribly long. Miss Sharland began to reflect upon the habits of seals. . . . They were said to be harmless and sorely afraid of human folk. Ethel sincerely trusted that she had not been misinformed about them! . . . It was growing darker in the cave. She tried shouting for help, in the forlorn hope that a passing fisherman might hear and be brave enough to risk an interview with the Little People; but the echoes rumbled horribly, and she did not care to repeat the experiment. After a while she looked at her watch, thinking that it must be midnight at least, and discovered that it was just nine o'clock! Yes, the night was going to be very long, beyond all doubt.

They would be frightened by her absence at the hotel, and would go out in search of her. Miss Sharland wondered if anyone would be clever enough to notice that one of the boats was missing. She doubted it. She had never gone for a lonely row before. They would be more likely to look for her upon the hills. And the hills were very big. . . . They would have a tiring night of it, Ethel reflected with compunction. She wondered which of the two, Mr. Durrant or Alan Barton, would be the more anxious about her. And huddling there upon the damp ledge, with the dark water lapping and moaning below her feet, she turned her mind resolutely to the two men who loved her. One *had* to think of something! Otherwise one's thoughts *would* turn to the meaning of those vague sounds that came from the depths of the cave, that were so horribly suggestive. . . . And in the lonely gloom it even seemed quite possible that one might see the spirits of those luckless Spaniards who had been spewed with the galleon upon Devilawn. . . . *Anything* seemed possible in that haunted darkness. Oh yes, it was far better to think of Alan Barton and Mr. Durrant. . . . Somehow she never thought of the latter except as Mr. Durrant. And yet she liked him. . . . But Alan Barton might, perhaps, be the more comfortable sort of person to have beside you in danger, at a crisis of any sort. . . .

That was a disturbed night for the people in the hotel. Ethel had been quite right—they thought that she was somewhere on the hills. The theory was that she had sprained her ankle and was lying helplessly—perhaps upon Slievemore. So all the village turned out, very anxious and wishful to help, and, led by the men and women of Miss Sharland's party, a great search was organised. But it was sadly like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay, and Slievemore is a treacherous mountain to search in the darkness, even with the aid of lanterns. The search party began to straggle back about three in the morning, sick at heart and very done up. Mr. Durrant, one of the keenest in the hunt, was quite exhausted, and for once felt himself not so young as he had been. He had fallen upon the slippery hillside, and had to be helped back to the hotel. But some few of the men flatly declined to give up the struggle, and Alan Barton was one of them.

A sudden idea had come to him. At the first alarm a stable help had been despatched from the hotel to the jetty and had returned with word that all the boats were there. But Alan Barton mistrusted Irish vagueness. He wished to see for himself. And so, just as the east was growing pink, he made his way alone to the jetty. It seemed to him that one of the boats was missing, but that might prove nothing. Yet anything was better than going impotently back to the hotel, and—had they not all been discussing an expedition to the Seal Cave only a day or two before? There was just a chance, and it was worth trying. He cast loose a boat and began to row swiftly through the growing light with the chill, damp morning air fresh upon his face.

It seemed to him at first when he had entered the cave that it was empty. But then his eyes grew used to the light, and he gave a little gasp. Something brown was crouched upon a ledge—now he saw that it was Ethel Sharland fast asleep! He pushed the boat towards her very softly, that she might not be startled, and stood up until his face was upon a level with her own. Her sleeping face looked oddly delicate and rather tired and very remote. . . . Mr. Barton would

certainly have condemned with severity his next action in anyone else. He told himself afterwards that he had acted scarcely of his own volition. And yet his movements were deliberate enough, although his face was queerly flushed. He groped for the flask of brandy in his pocket and held it ready for all emergencies in his hand. Then he kissed Miss Sharland on the lips. . . .

She awoke instantly and stared about her in a frightened way, and then she clutched Mr. Barton's arm and held it as though its solidity gave her pleasure.

"Oh, you've come at last!" she whispered. "This dreadful cave! I've been here all night, and I've been—rather frightened!"

And she began to cry a little.

Mr. Barton protruded the brandy flask upon her notice. He was terribly shaken by the sight of her tears.

"Never mind! Never mind!" he said, with clumsy tenderness. "It's all right now—really! Do take a sip of brandy!"

But Ethel Sharland was already calmer; she even tried to laugh.

"No thanks, I couldn't; I'm not cold," she said. "And you needn't be afraid—I promise not to be hysterical! How did you find me?"

Mr. Barton began to explain at some length, but Miss Sharland did not appear to be listening.

"I was having such an odd dream—about you," she said. "I even dreamed that, just before I woke, you—kissed me! But, of course, it was not true?"

Her eyes were severe. Mr. Barton was conscious of the enormity of his offence.

"I—I don't think it *could* have been true!" he stammered, basely, and then he read something very wonderful and amazing in Miss Sharland's eyes.

"But I'm going to do it now!" he said, quite masterfully. . . .

Neither of them spared a thought for Mr. Durrant. But, then, someone must always get left out in this queer world.

## THE EARLY LIFE OF A YOUNG CUCKOO.

MUCH has been written about the early life of a cuckoo. The bird seems to have a sort of fascinating attraction to most ornithologists, and more theories have been advanced than would fill a good-sized book. I do not propose to advance any at all,

but simply to record some observations made. While walking through a small and pretty plantation, which is strictly private, and situated about seven miles from Wakefield, my attention was drawn to what appeared to be a nest in a wild rose bush, close to the drive side and not more than fifteen yards from the entrance gate. On examination I found that it was a nest in the course of construction; and not being particularly anxious at the time to ascertain who was the builder, I passed on, but made a note in my diary. On visiting the place the

following day I found that the nest was ready for the lining; the third day the lining was complete and the nest ready for the beautiful eggs of the hedge-sparrow, whose nest it undoubtedly was. For some reason I found myself making this one of my daily rounds; the nest seemed to have some strange attraction for me. The next day there reposed one pretty blue egg; the

number was increased to two by 1 p.m. on the following day, June 11th. The next day, being Sunday, I did not see the nest, but visited it early on Monday morning, to find three hedge-sparrow's eggs and a cuckoo's egg. Although I had given the nest a good deal of attention up to this stage, I at once

resolved to give it much more. The first thing I did was to acquaint my friend the keeper of my find and to obtain his permission to fix a lock to the gate and also to have some barbed wire put across the top of it. I intended taking every precaution to preserve this set of eggs, as I was very anxious to solve the cuckoo mystery; and as I had been thwarted the year before, I did not want to miss any chances. At one o'clock I saw the bird sitting on her treasures; she little knew what was in store for her. I again

passed the nest at 5 p.m., to find the morning conditions unaltered. The next morning another hedge-sparrow's egg had been added. It was now an easy matter to calculate the probable time of hatching out, the last egg being deposited on June 14th. I paid daily visits to see that everything was going on well until June 24th; the time had now come for



HEDGE-SPARROW'S NEST WITH CUCKOO'S EGG.



more frequent visits. At 6.30 a.m. on this day the bird was on the nest, and on disturbing her I saw she was still on eggs; 12 a.m., still eggs; 5.30 p.m., one hedge-sparrow out of the shell—the youngster was still wet, and had, therefore, not been out of the shell more than an hour; 11 p.m., another hedge-sparrow and the cuckoo were out of their shells and were quite dry.

I visited the nest again on the 25th at 7 a.m., to find still two eggs unhatched. The hedge-sparrows had grown some black down on their heads and backs, but the young cuckoo was quite naked, there being no trace of down; the skin of the cuckoo was the same colour as that of the hedge-sparrows, a pale flesh colour. There was very little difference in size; all appeared to be living amicably together. At 12.30 and 1 p.m. the cuckoo was gaping for food, and at 4 p.m. the third hedge-sparrow was out of the shell and quite dry. There now remained only one unhatched egg; the two elder hedge-sparrows and the cuckoo were gaping for food. I paid another visit during the evening, but there were no further developments.

26th.—On arriving at the nest at 10 a.m., I was surprised to find that the unhatched egg had disappeared. It was nowhere in the immediate vicinity of the nest, for I made a very careful search to be quite sure of this. I remained near until 1.30 p.m. At 6 p.m. I again found myself at the nest, and the old bird flew off at my approach. I noticed the cuckoo seemed very restless, so I decided to watch its movements. It wriggled about in the nest until one of the youngsters came in contact with its back; the cuckoo then pushed itself backwards until the youngster was up to the side of the nest. It gradually worked its rump under the young hedge-sparrow, and then started to climb up the nest side backwards, having its legs well spread out and taking a firm grip of the opposite sides of the nest. To preserve its balance it threw its head well forward into the nest bottom, and to prevent the youngster from slipping down on its sloping back it raised its wings, thus forming a sort of barrier. It had succeeded in getting the youngster almost level with the top of the nest, when they both fell forward. The young cuckoo was apparently exhausted at this stage; but after a short rest it made three more attempts which proved unsuccessful, although it almost succeeded on one occasion. At this stage it seemed slightly larger than the two



YOUNG CUCKOO AND HEDGE-SPARROWS.

27th.—I again arrived at the site at 7 a.m., to find the three hedge-sparrows all hanging on the outside of the nest. Imagine my disappointment. I stood looking at the nest in a sort of stupefied dream, thinking that my luck was very hard, but was suddenly aroused by seeing one of the youngsters move its head. I instantly took it in my hand, and the heat soon revived it; it started wriggling about and gaping for food, so I put it back in the nest and turned my attention to the others. One of these was also soon revived, but the other was beyond my aid. I moved away to a respectable distance and watched the old bird on to the nest. I could see her quite plainly from where I stood. She went on to the nest as though nothing had happened, and actually walked over the dead youngster on her way. At 8.30 I was still at the nest. I had watched the hedge-sparrow feed the youngsters several times. They all seemed to get a fair share of food, and all appeared to be in a healthy condition. At 8.40 the old bird left the nest, and on going up to it I was not a bit surprised to see the young cuckoo making another attempt at murder. It was wonderful to see it climbing backwards up the nest side with a youngster on its back nearly as big as itself. By 9.15 the old bird had frequently left its nest, but the cuckoo was the uppermost of the three, and there was, therefore, nothing in contact with its apparently sensitive back. It sometimes swung its head from one side of the nest to the other in a remarkable manner for a bird so young. I should say it was not much larger than the young hedge-sparrows, but longer in the legs and wings. At 12 a.m., before leaving for lunch, of which by this time the inner man was greatly in need, I took another peep into the nest, to discover one of the hedge-sparrows quite dead. I should say that death was due to cold and injuries received when thrown out first thing in the morning, followed by more rough usage. I returned at 1.30 p.m., just in time to see several attempts, which followed each other in quick succession, frustrated by two small twigs that stretched partly over the nest top. After this arduous work the cuckoo seemed to settle down somewhat, so I moved some distance away to give the old bird a chance of brooding. At 3.15 she flew off, probably in search of food, giving the cuckoo another opportunity. It soon got the youngster on to its back in the usual way and succeeded in throwing it on to the nest top. In about a minute the youngster started wriggling about, and, to my delight, fell back into the nest. I left the nest at 5.30, having been away only an hour and a-half since seven o'clock. The young cuckoo now seemed to be getting more than its share of food.

28th.—I again arrived at the nest at 6.45 a.m., and found the live young hedge-sparrow had been recently thrown out. Its head was hanging into the nest and was moving slightly. I, therefore, warmed it and its life was saved once more. By



EJECTION OF A YOUNG HEDGE-SPARROW.

elder hedge-sparrows, and its skin was turning rather dark. Rain came on at 7.30 and I therefore left the nest after watching the old hedge-sparrow on to it, trusting that she would brood most of the evening and so give the cuckoo very little chance of doing any work. I was not, of course, afraid of the old bird doing any throwing out.



this time the cuckoo was very much larger than its nest mate, which had not grown as it should. The cuckoo's body was of a blue-black colour. It never seemed to have attempted to throw out the dead youngster, which was still in exactly the same position, except that it had got embedded in the nest bottom. I watched the old bird on to the nest again and then left her in peace for about a couple of hours. On my return the cuckoo set to work once more. It got the live youngster on its back, walked up the nest side backwards, and threw the youngster right clear of the nest into my hand, which was waiting to receive it. All this was done in a very business-like manner; the cuckoo sat on the nest top with its feet firmly hold of the nest sides below, its body in an upright position, and its wings outstretched, jerking itself backwards and forwards in a most energetic way; it continued like this for fully a minute, as if to exhibit its prowess. When I saw the cuckoo in this position it occurred to me that it was quite possible, and even probable, that it might easily over-balance and fall out of the nest, and thus commit suicide as well as murder. I have never heard of this taking place,



CAUGHT IN THE ACT!

however, so I thought that an experiment would not be out of place at this stage. I therefore tried to lift it off the nest top, but soon found this quite an impossibility without exerting some force, as its feet had taken a very firm hold of the nest sides below, and if I had persisted in my experiment the cuckoo would certainly have pulled most of the lining away with it. After watching the bird on to the nest once more, I left the vicinity for a short time, hoping the light would improve, and that the youngster would stay in the nest a little

longer to give me a chance of doing some more photography. I spent most of the morning at the nest, but nothing of importance took place. On my return after lunch, it once more fell to my lot to be the good Samaritan, as it did again later in the afternoon.

29th.—On arriving there again at 6.30 a.m. I found the poor hedge-sparrow on the ground below the nest quite dead. After the many times the life of the little bird had been saved, it seemed a pity that it had come to this sad

end. There was no decided hollow in the cuckoo's back—I should call it broad and flat. THOMAS M. FOWLER.

## NEW IDEAS AS TO SALMON.

MR. G. A. HUTTON, whose very interesting work on *Salmon Scales* was published last year, has been continuing his observations, and in a recently issued pamphlet on the further results of his researches brings forward certain conclusions which, if they are true, will revolutionise the ideas usually accepted on the life-history of the salmon. With much that is contained in Mr. Hutton's book everyone must agree; from one passage, however, most of those who read it will dissent. He says: "It would almost seem as if the study of the life-history of the salmon were the prerogative of Scots-men." Unless Mr. Hutton is himself a Scot, he has shown by this work, if by nothing else, that this statement is inaccurate. It should be mentioned that the whole of Mr. Hutton's case is based on the evidence derived from the study of scales. It may be admitted at once that this evidence is of very great importance, and cannot be neglected in any conclusions that may be drawn as to the life-history of the salmon; but it would be very unsafe to regard it, by itself, as having proved that all other evidence is worthless and all our previous deductions, based on evidence collected over a series of years from all kinds of sources, utterly valueless. Yet, such is the conclusion that Mr. Hutton's book puts forward. He states that certain facts have been proved by scale investigation, and on these facts builds up his theories. It would appear much safer to say that the results of scale examinations lead to certain inferences which, when they have been fully established, suggest another series of inferences which, if proved, give us totally new views on the life-history of salmon; but as yet, in our present state of knowledge, it is not safe to say that anything is proved. To show the importance of Mr. Hutton's inferences, it will be well to state the more important of them. The first is as to that much-disputed point, the age of salmon. Mr. Hutton contends that the scale examination has proved that the age of a grilse is not less than three years in any case. Scales have shown that "parr remain two years in fresh water before migrating to the sea; that out of every shoal which enter into the sea in a given year not one will return to the river during the same year; that every single fish will remain at least one winter in the sea before returning to fresh water to spawn." This, if correct, quite upsets the views of all the earlier writers,

that the stay of smolts in the sea was very short, and that the smolts that went down in the spring were the grilse that returned in the late summer and early autumn of the same year. Evidence from various quarters has shown that this view was, as a general rule, mistaken, that the bulk of the smolts did not return the same year they descended, and the scale theory goes to confirm the other evidence on the point. But it does not as yet justify the conclusion of Mr. Hutton that it is proved that every smolt that descends to the sea remains there one winter before he returns to the river. On the next point, most persons are agreed that a certain proportion of the smolts return to the river as grilse the year after they have gone down to the sea as smolts. What the proportion is, and on what it depends, are points on which at present there is no reliable evidence, and it is not easy to see how the scale theory will throw any light upon it.

Mr. Hutton admits that three distinct classes of salmon are found in our rivers: (1) Grilse, which, he says, are the smolts that return to fresh water the year following their descent to the sea; (2) four year old fish from seven pounds to fifteen pounds: these are what in the Severn are called "gillings," and form the bulk of the salmon taken in that river; and (3) fish from fourteen pounds to thirty-five pounds, which Mr. Hutton calls, and probably rightly, five year old fish. Mr. Hutton adds that there are a few fish, which he calls six year old fish, which weigh from thirty pounds to fifty pounds. So far, most persons will agree that there are three distinct classes which form the bulk of the salmon taken; each year a few large ones are caught, but there are so few as to have but little practical bearing on the question. Here it seems that the evidence derived from scales is most important, and may be admitted as a fairly safe guide to determine the age of salmon. This is a most important point, and may lead to a great deal more; but surely with our present knowledge it is not safe to say anything more is proved, even if so much can be regarded as proved. Mr. Hutton, however, goes much further; he says, under the heading, "What Has Been Proved," that "a smaller proportion" of smolts "will remain even a fourth winter in the sea, and will enter the river as maiden unspawned fish six years old and weighing from 30 to 50 pounds." His theory is that the majority of salmon only spawn once, a few may spawn twice in their lives, very few indeed three times. This is a

complete reversal of what has always been accepted—that salmon spawn regularly at least three times in their lives, as grilse, as gillings, as mature fish. It is difficult on the present evidence to deal with this new theory, but its importance cannot be over-rated. It was at one time thought that salmon spawned annually, but the present view is, although there is not much evidence to support it, that a longer interval than a year takes place between the breeding-times of salmon. Mr. Hutton's view that a salmon only spawns once in its life is a further development. It rests on the fact that on some fish there is a mark or scar which is called the "spawning mark," and which is only found on fish that are presumed to have spawned; that this mark is found on salmon at all periods of its life after its first migration to the sea if it has spawned, but not on those which have not; that it is very rare to find two spawning marks on a scale; that, therefore, fish that have no spawning mark are maiden fish, and the scales show it is the exception for fish to spawn more than once. It is quite likely, as Mr. Hutton points out, that salmon have so many difficulties to overcome before they can reach the spawning-ground that the odds are very much against them frequently doing so; but this is a very different thing from saying that a salmon only spawns once and would not spawn oftener if not caught. On the whole, it cannot be said that on this point our knowledge is as yet much advanced by the scale theory. At best, it comes to this, which we knew before, that the chances against any individual fish returning to the river are enormous. The spawning mark and scales cannot be said to show any more.

But the more important point is, can it be said with truth that the absence of the so-called spawning mark shows that a fish, of whatever size it may be, is a maiden fish? If that could be proved it would be a point of enormous importance. Take one of Mr. Hutton's six year old fish. He went down to the sea when two years old—where has he spent his time since? It is stated that salmon only frequent fresh water to breed. As this fish has not

bred, can it be said it has not been into fresh water during the four years? It may well be that the so-called spawning mark shows that a fish has spawned, but it by no means follows that the converse of the proposition is true—that the absence of the spawning mark shows a fish is a maiden and has never spawned. There must be a great deal more evidence produced as to this before the theory can be accepted that the absence of the spawning mark necessarily implies that a fish has not spawned.

Another point on which Mr. Hutton bases his view is what he calls the "winter band"; that is, that on the scales of salmon which have been to the sea there are two distinct sets of rings, one the ordinary rings separated by the usual distance, and the other a group of rings much closer together, forming a kind of band. The inference drawn from these bands is that while the fish has plenty of food the bands are wide apart.

To sum up the case as put by Mr. Hutton: (1) Smolts stay in the sea at least one winter, often much longer. The duration of their stay is shown by the number of bands that are found on the fish when it returns to fresh water. (2) Salmon are taken with as many as four of these bands; therefore, these fish have spent four years in the sea, as the bands are annually formed, and only in the sea. (3) Salmon that have spawned have a mark on their scales, and salmon that have not this mark, whatever may be their age, have never spawned and are maiden fish. (4) Salmon about to spawn are taken with from two to three "winter bands" and no spawning mark on the scales; these are maiden fish who have lived two or three years in the sea. If these propositions are true and could safely be acted upon, then some very important modifications should be made in our method of salmon-preservation. The important point is, Does the evidence, or rather the inference from the facts observed, justify the conclusions sought to be drawn? Before this can be answered, the evidence on the other side requires to be considered. J. W. WILLIS-BUND.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### BULBOUS SPRING FLOWERS IN TURF.

THE wild garden means the adornment of the ground right away from the garden. Writers who approach this subject from the architectural side suppose that it means a new phase of gardening round the house, whereas it has nothing to do with it, but may be carried out in all sorts of unlikely positions, such as rough banks, old lawns, orchards, hollow ways and unplatable or barren rides, or any suitable places in woods or along woodland rides, or, in fact, any turfy or woodland situation outside the garden and away from it altogether. The beauty of the wild garden is that we get away from the need of the ceaseless care of ordinary gardening. If we put the things in likely soil and situations there is no more trouble in weeding, cleaning and the usual work of the garden. Another great point is that, if we make the best of it, we get in every way the charming effect of a spring garden, more than it is possible to do in the garden proper. We get all the flowers of the spring that our soil can grow, without interfering with the flower garden at all. A great advantage this, because it enables the gardener to deal with his flower garden in the best way. Where the flower garden was in the past, and still is, round pans and many places rooted up every year for the accommodation of Hyacinths and Wall-flowers and things of that kind, it is quite impossible to give any attention to the true flower garden, such as one ought to have near the house, that is, for the cultivation of the choicest summer flowers—Roses and Carnations and favourite plants, which may want special cultivation. To make a flower garden we ought to be free to plant all the autumn and winter as we wish, and if the ground is free for us there is nothing to stop this; and if we take advantage of the wild garden there is nothing to prevent us from doing as we please with the garden proper.

A great many plants are suitable for wild gardening, especially the stronger growers, and, in the autumn, we have a number which are very pretty by the water. The result is that we can enjoy some of the charms of the wild garden all the year round. But the greatest move of all has been in the direction of the flowers of bulbous plants, which, in our country, so often do well in the turf. The most graceful and precious of all these is the Narcissus, for its hardness, beauty and vigour in our country. A native of the great uplands of Europe, and very often flowering much later there than it does with us in spring, it takes to our climate as no other plant does. Its effect on the landscape is excellent, and it does well for cutting for the house. No end of beautiful kinds of Narcissus have been raised of recent years since florists and others have had their attention fixed on it. Very often these are expensive, and will be so for some time; but all the good effects of which

the family is capable can be realised in the wild garden with kinds which are by no means expensive. Moreover, we must mass and group them if we are to get any good effects. Rarities should go in a nursery garden. They help to give us a beautiful spring garden, which in many cases we can enjoy from the last week in February until some time in early June. They have an extraordinary vigour of constitution which enables them to grow in most unlikely places, and cold and wet soil is no disadvantage to them, but rather a gain. Some kinds which seem to do poorly in gardens do well on clay banks and in other unpromising situations. I have planted many among Heaths, and they looked quite beautiful among the brown stems in spring, as they do among the brown bents of the long grass at that season.

*Overdoing.*—One common error deserves to be guarded against, and that is putting the roots of the plants everywhere, dotting them over the ground regularly as tile-work. We see the results of this even in important public gardens—no relief, no verdure, no grace of arrangement at all. A hundred Daffodils on one side of a green patch may be more effective than all the place dotted over with them. And wherever a group is placed it ought to have a natural and picturesque outline; it should not be evenly dotted. The roots should be set rather thicker towards the centre of a group or mass and scattered towards the margins.

Quite twenty years ago I got hold of a few sacks of roots and put them on a clayish slope planted with Cider Apples, when a friend said, "You do not expect them to flower in that coarse grass?" and every year since they have flowered beautifully, with no attention whatever in planting beyond turning up a sod and putting a few bulbs under it. We group them in natural masses along woodland walks where the soil is cool or heavy, and they do admirably. The places where they do not flower well are those with hot and dry soil. The best time for planting is the autumn, and the earlier the better if one gets good stocks. These thoughts mostly concern what is called ordinary soil—brown loam and clayish; but in places one may come upon deposits of a quite different soil which may favour a wholly different kind of vegetation. In such places one may indulge in things which would have very slight chances in ordinary soils. Hollows of peat and leaf-soil are excellent for this, and one of the most charming gardens we know was made by Sir Henry Yorke, who found a rich deposit of leaf and peaty soil in his wood. In such soil Lilies and other things, such as the American Lily and Bloodroot, that disappear in ordinary soil, may be grown with advantage. Such deposits vary infinitely, so one can hardly tell what could be done without knowing the soil. Where bog soil occurs naturally it also may be used effectively for certain plants that love such soils.



*Mixtures.*—Good growers now offer quantities for this purpose, but much the most effective way is to get each kind separately, as then we can adapt them better to the situation. The early Bayonne Daffodil, for instance, which is a pretty thing indoors or out, is best on warm and sheltered slopes; the great Irish wild Daffodil will grow anywhere in rank soil and grass. The early kinds, like the Tenby and Henry Irving, might grow on the sunny sides of banks, which would make them a little earlier. No part of the plan should be planting them in mown or lawn grass, which has to be frequently cut. They look much better and do much better in grass which is only mown once in the summer, if mown at all. Manure or compost of any kind is not in the least necessary for them in cool or heavy soils.

After the Narcissi, which give such beautiful effects in all sorts of situations, the other plants become less important for effect; but they also have likings as regards soil. The Snowdrop, for instance, hardy and free as it is, and delightful in many situations, in some stiff soils often goes back, living, but not doing well. In many soils it is a joy to see it covering the ground. The Crocus, also, is a little slow in some soils, and seems to do better in those of a limy or chalky nature, as on Colonel Basher-ville's land in Oxfordshire. The effect of the Crocus, where it does well, ought to be secured, and it often does very well in grass. The beautiful Neapolitan Crocus *Imperati* grows quite freely with me in grass, flowering very early, and no doubt many others would if fairly tried. There are a great number of Crocuses, many of which have not been given a fair trial in this way in our country.

The Grape Hyacinths give one of the prettiest effects in grass, and especially one called *conicum* and by various other names. It is a vigorous grower. Though not very long-lived, in effect they are very charming, and when bought at a reasonable price they may well be used. The Grape Hyacinths seen near Narcissus or Daffodil often give charming effects.

Perhaps of all the blue flowers for naturalising in early spring the most effective are the Anemones, particularly the azure blue one called *Robinsoni*, which grows freely in any kind of soil; also the Apennine Anemone, which is very free in limestone soils and runs about everywhere, as in Ireland, but does not last so long in flower. The most charming in that way is the Greek *Anemone blanda*, which is an early and patient bloomer. I have not been so lucky with this in strong grass, but in light poor banks it would do very well. What we want are things which can be naturalised easily in grass. In certain soils one might try some of the Crown Anemones, but in valley soils they are not quite hardy, and we lose them now and then, whereas the scarlet Anemone is quite hardy and thrives in grass where it fails in garden soil after a year or so. A very pretty effect it gives in grass, too. The blue Hepatica of the mountains of Europe is charming—best of all the wild kind and not any variety of it—but some of its beauty is lost if it is grown in coarse grass, being almost evergreen, and therefore best as a copse plant where the grass is poor and thin. The Pasque-flower is very charming in a wild state in Northern France and England, and is very easily grown in gardens, and certainly might be naturalised. As it is grown

in great quantities by the Dutch, there is no reason why bold experiments should not be made with it, especially in chalky places which it likes.

Among the most beautiful flowers of the world is the St. Bruno's Lily, so beautiful in Alpine pastures. Undoubtedly we might naturalise it with satisfaction if we have good plants and put them in places not mown early in the year. The Camassia, a North-West American plant, bears a pretty purplish flower, does very well in grass, and looks pretty there. In a garden it is rather too short-lived in flower. The Snow Glories, by their hardiness generally and freedom in multiplication, should be worth trying, and would suit some soils. The Meadow Saffron, often called Autumn Crocus, is very free in grass, and some of its varieties are very handsome, but they lack the charm of spring. The Winter Aconite (*Eranthis*), of which there are now two kinds, is very free and welcome, but does best in limestone, dying out in cold soils. Dog's-tooth Violet, especially the European kinds, is very free in light soil, and very pretty too, both in leaf and flower. The American kinds of this, which are so interesting and beautiful, are still too scarce to try much in this way, though in peaty or leafy soils no doubt they would do well. Snake's-heads, the best of which is our beautiful native one, which has such nice varied colour, are

excellent in alluvial fields. The wild Gladioli of Europe and Northern Africa are very pretty in grass, though in some soils they slowly die out. The Day Lilies are splendid, and though more perennials than bulbs, the effect they give in grass is quite charming. In gardens they are too short-lived in bloom. Three or four kinds of them I have grown, and they never failed to give a good effect, and very often they grow so freely in gardens that they might very well be turned out into rough,

grassy places. Snowflakes (*Leucojum*) are excellent, the summer one doing best in deep soil near water, but the spring one is best and tallest in peaty or free soil. Lilies are peculiar in one way, that one cannot be sure of growing more than two or three kinds in one soil; but where there are deposits of leafy soil, or bog, one can grow the American Swamp Lily, and also the Tiger Lily. The Pyrenean Lily, too, is free enough, but a poor thing. In certain soils one might try the Turk's-cap and the White Lily. Among the newer bulbs the Montbretias are surprising, sometimes, for vigour even in poor soils. One is justified in taking up and dividing them when new, but I have had them among shrubs for several years, and they seem to give the same effect every year, so that I think the kinds that are free and plentiful might be worth trying. The beautiful Bloodroot of North America should grow freely enough, yet it fails in some soils, though anyone with natural boggy soil should welcome it. Among the Scillas the Spanish kind is a very bold plant, and worth growing in free, warm soil, and is as handsome as our own Wood Hyacinth. There are various other bulbs which may have some beauty, but are not free or plentiful enough to try in the bold way that wild gardening demands. Among these are the beautiful Wood Lilies, which in Southern gardens disappear slowly, but in Western and cool places live, and are so beautiful.

W. ROBINSON.



From a painting by

"DAFFODILS THAT COME BEFORE THE SWALLOW DARES."

H. G. Moon.





**A**s there are at least ten Hintons which bear no other name to distinguish them, Admiral not only makes a charming combination, but serves as a useful label. As so often happens, there is a large gap in the documents relating to the manor. Everything is clear until 1592, when one John Machel conveyed the manor to John Gundry and John Crocker, and in 1719 we find Sir Peter Mews in possession, for in that year he included it in his marriage settlement. In 1777 a fire almost entirely destroyed the house, and with it so many of the records, that for one hundred and twenty-seven years there is silence as to its fortunes. The name of Admiral has its own story, and has suffered corruption like that of the Ampner of Hinton Ampner in the same county. The latter comes from its having belonged to the almoner of St. Swithun's Priory at Winchester. The great manor of the Hundred of Christchurch, of which Sir George Meyrick is also the lord, carries with it the once important position of Admiral of the Shore, a right which enabled him some years ago to claim from the Crown the carcase of a whale stranded near Bournemouth. It has been thought that the adding of Admiral to Hinton indicated that the Admiral of the Shore lived there, but this was clearly not the case. In 1240 Reginald de Aubemarle held Hinton of the Earl of Devon. By 1330 the name was Aumarle, by 1532 Amerell, and in 1592 we find it spelt Admyrall. By such means was the name known best as Albemarle twisted

into Admiral. The manor of Hinton Admiral was comprised, with many others, in the great manor of Christchurch, which has been held by many whose names are writ large in English history. When Baldwin de Redvers, the eighth Earl of Devon, died without issue in 1262, his sister Isabel, the widow of the Earl of Albemarle, became Countess of Devon in her own right and took all the de Redvers property, and added to it the Isle of Wight on the death of her mother. She had an only daughter, Aveline, an heiress too important to be married save to a Royal Earl, who was found in the person of Edmund Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster, son of Henry III. However, there seemed to be a blight on the owners of these vast estates, for both Aveline and Edmund died childless. One may see their singularly beautiful tombs in Westminster Abbey, near that of their cousin Aymer de Valence, and on Crouchback's is carved the Red Rose of Provins, which was dyed a deeper hue when it became the badge of the dynasty of Lancaster. Isabel lived on into the reign of Edward I., who cast envious eyes on her choicest possession—the Isle of Wight. There seems to have been something like a scandal while she lay a-dying, for the King sent the Bishop of Durham to her bedside, and a few hours before she left a lonely world she had signed a sale to the Crown not only of the Isle, but of the manors of Christchurch, Lambeth and Vauxhall. Her heir, Hugh de Courtenay, sued the King, an unprosperous attempt, for when we next hear of Christchurch



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THE GARDEN FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



AT THE END OF THE TERRACE.

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it was held by Thomas, first Baron Arundel of Wardour, who got his new property confirmed to him with all strong and needful formalities. When Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, came back with Charles II. he bought these manors, but the great Chancellor's son, Henry, had for his son another Edward, a vicious fellow who ran into debt. Henry was a man of honour, and in order to pay his son's creditors sold the Christchurch property in 1708 to Sir Peter Mews, who was then described as of Hinton Admiral,

knight. In 1719 he married Lydia, the daughter of one George Jarvis of Islington, and settled the properties on her; but as he died without issue in her lifetime, she became possessed of the entire fee under his will. Her nephew, Benjamin Clerke, succeeded in 1751, and his son, Joseph Jarvis Clerke, in 1759. Sir George Ivison Tapps, cousin to the last Clerke who died childless, received the property by will, and the present Sir George Meyrick is his great-grandson.

So much for the long line of ownership, and now for the story of the house. When Sir Peter Mews took to himself a wife in 1719 we must imagine (for we know little of him) that he was not well enough housed to please Lydia Jarvis of Islington, for in 1720 a mansion was built, to fall to the flames in March, 1777, when Joseph Jarvis Clerke was lord of the manor. He set about rebuilding at once, but died thirteen months later. The havoc must have been considerable, for in July of that year there is a record of the relaying of the foundation-stone. From the evidence of the building itself it would seem that in rebuilding he followed rather closely the lines of the 1720 house. The first architect, whoever he was, adopted the rather grandiose



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PART OF THE NEW WING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

plan of a middle block with two detached wings (one for kitchen, etc., and the other for stables), thrown forward to form a forecourt, and connected by curved, open colonnades. This fashion was introduced into England by Inigo Jones at Stoke Bruerne, Northamptonshire, about 1630, but he never repeated it. It is grossly inconvenient, for the kitchen premises are in one of the lateral blocks, and Inigo Jones, having once succumbed to the use of an Italian plan for an English house, doubtless used his robust

common-sense to avoid a repetition of the blunder. Early in the eighteenth century the Italian Giacomo Leoni employed it at Latham Hall, and its crowning examples are Blenheim and Castle Howard. In 1720, however, when Sir Peter Mews set to building, it was not a common arrangement, and must have been rather unusual for a house of by no means large proportions. By 1770, or soon after, the accommodation was evidently not enough, for after the fire (whether at the general rebuilding or a few years later) the middle block was extended by the addition of a ballroom at the south end, and at some other near date, if not at the same time, the drawing-room was added at the north. Happily the curved colonnades were not interfered with, as the new rooms stood behind them. By 1770 this sort of plan was more commonly adopted. Isaac Ware, in his portentous volume, "The Complete Body of Architecture," published in 1756, set out to devise a typical house for gentlemen desiring to build, and his sample plan, which he is careful to say is to be handsome though not pompous, might almost have been taken from Hinton Admiral. He seemed to think a kitchen under the same roof as the



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THE BALLROOM.

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dining-room an outrage against architectural intelligence, for he dismisses the idea with scorn—"a bricklayer could do that." He had forgotten Sir Henry Wotton's plea of one hundred and thirty-two years earlier for a "spacious and luminous Kitchen . . . with a more competent neerennesse likewise to the Dyning Roome," and was evidently cold to the suggestion that "besides other Inconveniences, perhapes some of the Dishes may straggle by the way." Be it remembered that the closing in of these connecting arcades with windows is a modern device. It is to be feared that the devotion to æsthetic planning, as Ware and others of his day understood it, and the passionate dislike of a "plain design such as the vulgar builder would have proposed," must have condemned Sir Peter Mews and Joseph Jarvis Clerke to desperately cold food in wintry weather. Sir George Meyrick, with the aid of his architect, Mr. Harold Peto, has contrived to keep the outlines of the house as his forbears left it to him, and yet to make it conform to modern habits. The right projecting wing (looking towards the entrance), which originally was

devoted to domestic needs, has been remodelled, and now contains a handsome billiard-room set out on two levels. The walls are panelled from floor to ceiling in fine Italian walnut, with narrow fluted pilasters. The fine ingle-nook, with its big wood fire, recalls the old cavernous chimney which served the room when it was a brewhouse. A new block has been built to house the dispossessed servants. To Mr. Peto also is due the entire decoration of the ballroom. The scheme is in natural oak and cream with plentiful gilding done in powdered gold. This method is rarely employed, on account of its cost, but it

gives an effect which cannot be achieved by ordinary gilding. Over the fireplace is a portrait of Charles II. by the industrious Sir Geoffrey Kneller. The King must have spent a considerable part of his time in sitting for his portrait.

It was the Charles II. which gave Mr. Peto the key to the period of the decoration, in which there is a hint of the *singerie* and *chinoiserie* fashion of the eighteenth century. Monkeys share with cupids the dominion of the cove of the ceiling, which is supported by



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THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

fluted gold pilasters, and the general idea is carried on by the gilt wood frames and delicate brocades of chairs and settees. The walls are covered with a fine reproduction of a contemporary silk, and the rock crystal lustres, the lock cases, and, indeed, all the appointments, are careful reproductions of fine examples of the period, while the carved work is done in a refined and skilful way. The dining-room is in the middle of the main block, and its dark panelling and delicate decoration make a happy combination of sobriety and grace.

No marked inspiration went to the design of the outside of the house, but it has that solid, blameless air characteristic of Ware and his school. The back and front elevations exactly match; they gave you no excuse for surprises in those days. In Ware's typical house for a gentleman of moderate family it was assumed that he would eschew "columns or other expensive decorations," but Joseph Jarvis Clerke had more ambitious ideas, though he could not boast even a moderate family. However, the single order of four Corinthian pilasters and the simple pediment with its dentil mouldings can hardly be called extravagant features. It is when we see the house from the terrace that the charm of this sober sort of design makes its best appeal, heightened as it is by the delightful terrace, which is the work of Mr. Peto. Running east and west is a broad balustraded walk, from the middle circular bay of which two flights of steps turn outwards to the lawn. At the south end is a curved stone seat shadowed by a venerable tree which throws sunlit traceries, while two bronze cupids, one burdened with a dolphin, preside over this happy garden sanctuary. The scheme has a pleasant feeling reminiscent of the gardens at Wilton. Beyond the tennis lawn eastwards is a formal garden with beds stiffly geometrical. The grounds are rich in many separate gardens, notable among which is the little enclosure by the south-west wing laid out on the site of the old drying ground by Mr. Peto. Quite recently Sir George Meyrick has set out a big rock garden, quietly gay with all manner of saxifrages and hellebore. Not the least attractive feature here is the little stream which is peopled with sheldrakes and mandarin ducks, while the graceful demoiselle crane is another feathered habitant. The climate of Hinton Admiral is kindly to all growth. The wood garden is richly furnished, and was brilliant with camellias in March. On the way to the cricket ground, on which Sir George Meyrick so justly prides himself, we pass rose gardens and well-grown pergolas; but the particular pride of Hinton Admiral has been withheld until the end of this article, to wit, the peacocks. There seem to be peacocks everywhere, and small wonder, for the gardens boast well over thirty. They stand on the walls with their feathers of a hundred brilliant eyes sweeping almost to the ground. They strut along the terrace and by the entrance with their great fans extended and blazing with purples and greens. One in particular has the rare beauty of wings of blue instead of the more usual brownish grey. For this feast of sumptuous colour, the pride of garden life, a price has to be paid. The most devoted friend of these princely birds can scarce pretend to admire their voice, but the rather harsh assault they make upon the ear is soon forgiven and, indeed, forgotten in the grace and colour they give to this forest pleasure.

L. W.

## PLANTING TREES & SHRUBS ON CRUMBLING CLIFFS.

**COAST EROSION.**—The loss of land by erosion of the coast-line in parts of the British Isles has been for generations a source of great anxiety to owners and occupiers of land adjacent to the sea. The encroachment of the sea upon the land along parts of the Yorkshire Coast and elsewhere has been proceeding for centuries at a steady and fairly constant rate, old landmarks have disappeared and the coast-line is continually undergoing alteration. Occasionally the inroads made by the sea are sufficiently extensive to cause alarm, as, for instance, in the neighbourhood of towns and villages, or where the stability of a railway is threatened. From time to time defence works of various descriptions have been undertaken, most of which have proved somewhat costly; for this reason, they can only be accomplished by public bodies, or when the owners of land are largely subsidised by the Government.

**FORCES AT WORK.**—Coast erosion cannot be traced to any one cause, and before attempting any work of coast defence the most minute and careful observations must be made in order to find out the forces which exist, and their method of operation upon the coast and sea-bed along the particular part it is desired to protect. There are many forces and agencies at work, and it is only by a close study of the conditions prevailing along any particular shore that we can hope to trace the causes or to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion as to the best methods of

arresting the destruction. The causes of erosion and accretion may be included under the following heads:

- (1) The action of the sea.
- (2) The action of agencies other than the sea.

Under the first group may be mentioned the force of the waves, which play greatest havoc in rough weather and during high tides, also surface and under currents and tides.

Under the second group may be included a variety of forces, such as submarine fresh-water springs, land springs, frosts, heavy rains and animal borers, to which must be added the work of man where materials such as sand and shingle have been removed for building and other purposes.

**CHARACTER OF THE COAST.**—The nature of the rocks composing the coast-line has a very important bearing on the question of erosion, as has also the nature of the surface of the foreshore and sea-bed adjoining it. Denudation is greatest where there is an absence of hard rock, or where the coast is composed of soft, easily eroded material.

**CONSIDERATIONS PREVIOUS TO PLANTING.**—Before attempting to plant trees and shrubs upon the coast there are several important points which must receive consideration, *e.g.*:

(1) The destruction of the cliffs is chiefly caused by the waves undermining their bases. If this is prevented they will, under the action of sub-aerial agencies, gradually assume an inclination of repose.

(2) The slope of a bank seaward is one of the principal features of strength and safety; a steep bank enables the waves to strike it with full force, and alternately to batter it down or greatly reduce its substance by means of those violent or continuous onslaughts which the ocean often exercises.

(3) But it is expedient to consider the bank and its slope in three positions:

(a) From the base of spring tides, which can be called the main banks.

(b) The next above which is to guard against extraordinary outbursts.

(c) That which is only to sustain the swash of the waves.

(4) It will be useless to attempt to plant below the high-water mark of the highest of the spring tides. If the base of the cliff below this line is not naturally secure, some protective work of a more solid character must be erected. Rows of kids will form a substantial fence to break the force of water where such could be placed. Kids are thorns cut down, tied up in bundles and then planted upright in the mud or sand. These may be found suitable except, perhaps, where it might be desired to form a groyne.

(5) The constant percolation of rain and spring water through cracks, fissures, or natural channels tends to lessen the stability of the cliffs, and is frequently the cause of serious landslips. Good under-draining must be done before planting is attempted; springs or water channels must be tapped, so that the soil conditions are rendered more stable, thus securing to the trees and shrubs planted a better chance of obtaining and maintaining a firm root-hold.

**PREPARATION AND PLANTING.**—It is not necessary to consider here the preparation of the soil for the purposes of planting trees and shrubs, as this will come well within the scope of ordinary forestry and garden practice. As a means of protecting the trees and shrubs it is intended to plant against the strong gales and sea-spray, and as constituting the first line of defence, a rough but substantial fence may be erected. This may be composed of strong stakes driven very deeply into the ground and thickly interwoven with strong rough brushwood.

Inside this fence such trees and shrubs as the common sycamore, Scotch or wych elm, common ash, English oak, alder, goat willow, sea-buckthorn, tea plant (*Lycium chinensis*), common willow and blackberry should be thickly planted, so that they may eventually grow together in a thick impenetrable mass. Whatever species may be selected, those of stronger growth, as the four first mentioned, with the willows, should be intermixed with those of more straggling habit. The longer branches of willow, tea plant and some others if closely pegged to the ground will strike root and grow up, thus assisting the planter in securing his first line of defence. Short stakes of willow, when freshly cut in spring and driven into the ground, will strike root and grow and materially assist in checking surface denudation. These may be intermixed with the other. This belt of trees and shrubs may be several yards wide, according to the conditions which exist. The first lines of trees and shrubs from the seaward side must always be kept low. It is, however, very unlikely that trees of any species will grow up to large size on such exposed situations; neither is it desirable, as the large roots which might be formed would, in the swaying of the tops during heavy gales, tend to loosen the soil; widespread damage would further be caused when such trees were bodily uprooted during high winds. It will be sufficient if, starting on the line of defence nearest to the sea, a growth of from four to five feet is maintained, the height gradually rising inland. The first lines of defence against strong gales are practically secured by this thick belt of trees and shrubs.

ALFRED GAUT.



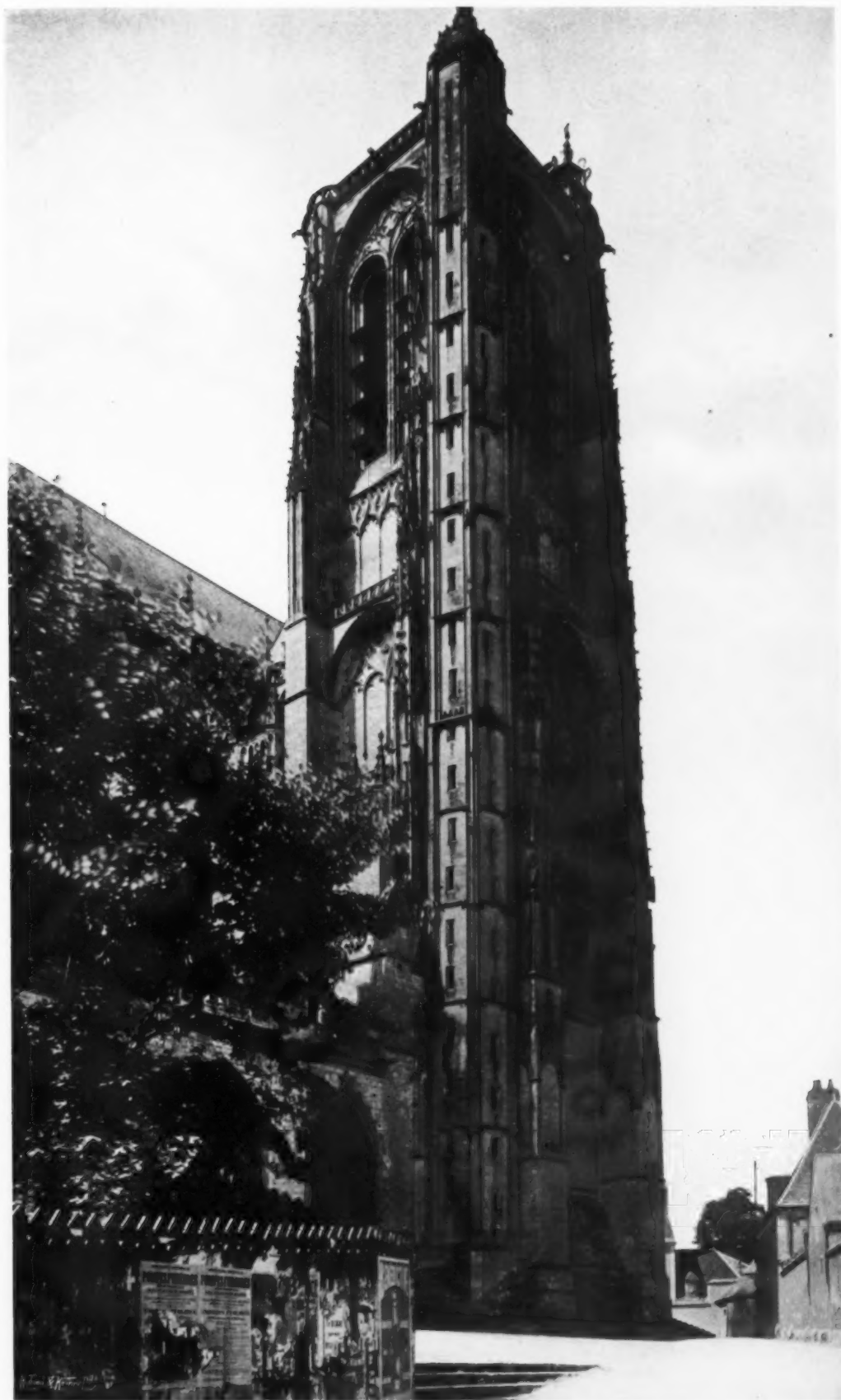
# BOURGES CATHEDRAL.

## II.—THE STRUCTURE AND ITS HISTORY.

THE structure of Bourges is interesting to study, because it offers several peculiarities which distinguish it from other Gothic cathedrals. Though it has no transept, there are two aisles on each side of the nave, and a double row of lateral chapels. The columns of the nave are the highest in the world. In no fewer than one hundred and thirty-six lancet windows and forty-five

rose windows, the original thirteenth century glass is still to be seen, and some of the finest examples of fifteenth century glass-painting are in the chapels. But it is the fabric of stone that must be first considered; and, whether you admire the portals and external buttresses, or count the forest of pillars within, that fabric impresses itself on your imagination as the product of a definite style, as distinctive, as personal, as a picture or a poem. No style (in architecture or anything else) that is worthy of that honourable name was ever suddenly evolved either by an individual artist or even by an individual school. Styles, like decorative patterns, are not made; they grow, and are modified; and by the differences that suit one age after another they survive, changed, but the same, as the fruit follows the flowering of the tree. Without going further back than the immediately preceding Romanesque, which survives in so many details of the early Gothic, we can realise that the imperative need for vast stone-roofed churches, in which aisles were a constructive necessity, was the starting-point for the new development. This necessitated the art of vaulting over an oblong space, and since the square space with all its sides equal could easily be vaulted by round arches, while the oblong could only be vaulted by the use of pointed arches, the pointed arch became the symbol of the new style.

Many other differences appeared, all of them essentially constructive. Instead of huge walls with holes bored in them for windows, and the solid and inert principle of stable gravity as the chief foundation of the building's strength, you now get a structure which is supported by an articulated framework, a frankly expressed anatomy of bone and muscle, in which piers, arches, buttresses are linked together in a perfect equilibrium of balanced thrust and counter-thrust. The old, thick walls, being no longer essential, are entirely replaced by vast windows of stained glass, except for a few feet from the ground where they are necessary for mere enclosure. The window-apertures fill the whole space laterally between the piers, which rise from the pavement in slender shafts up to the nave-cornice. These piers contain several members, to support the ribs of the vaults, the arches of the triforium, and the buttresses of the clerestory; but they need only be massive enough to bear the weight of the vaults, because the side-pressures are carried off by buttresses to the aisles, and by flying-buttresses again beyond them. All this elaborate system was only begun and rendered possible because

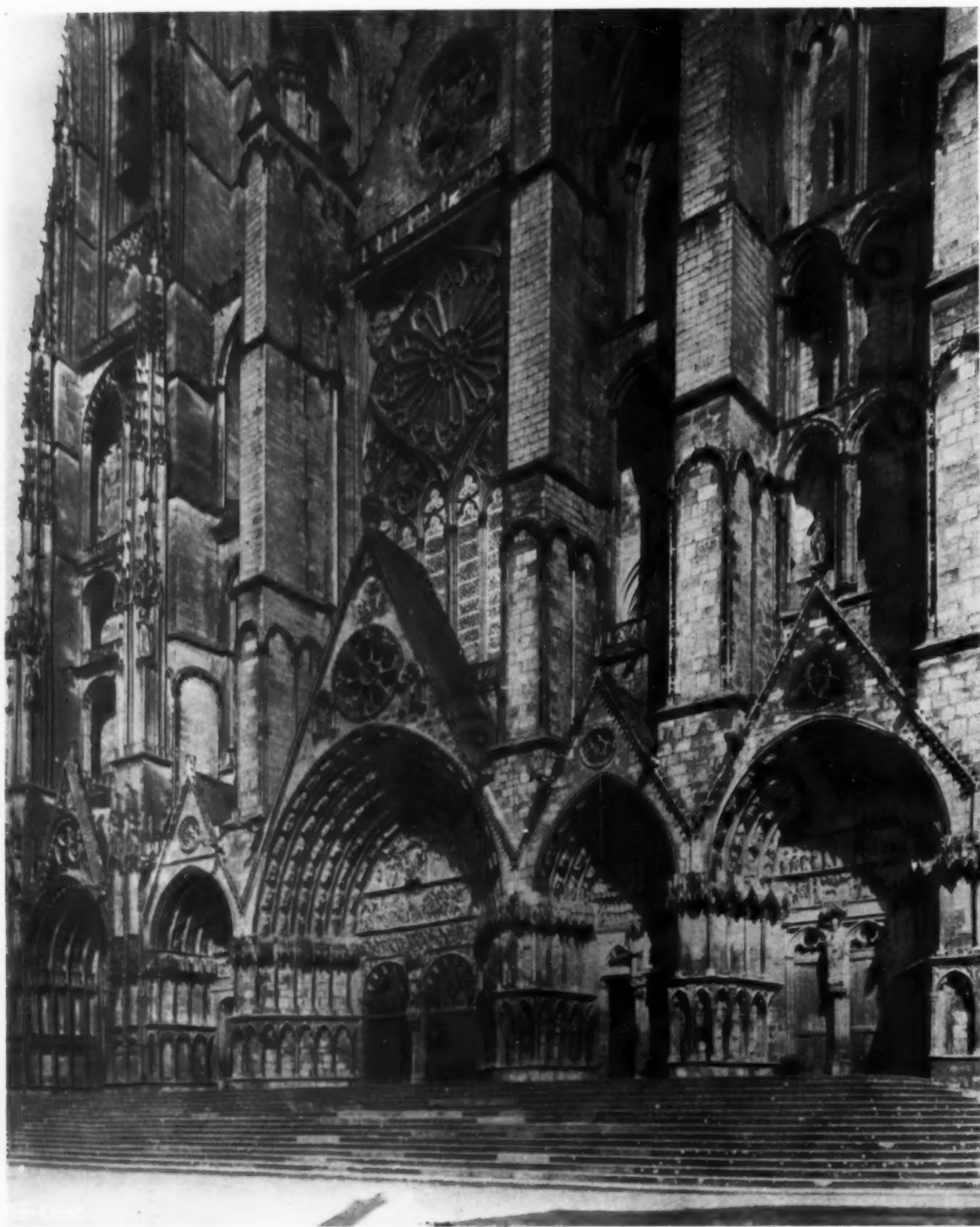


F. H. Evans.

THE NORTH TOWER (LA TOUR DE BEURRE).

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THE WEST FRONT.

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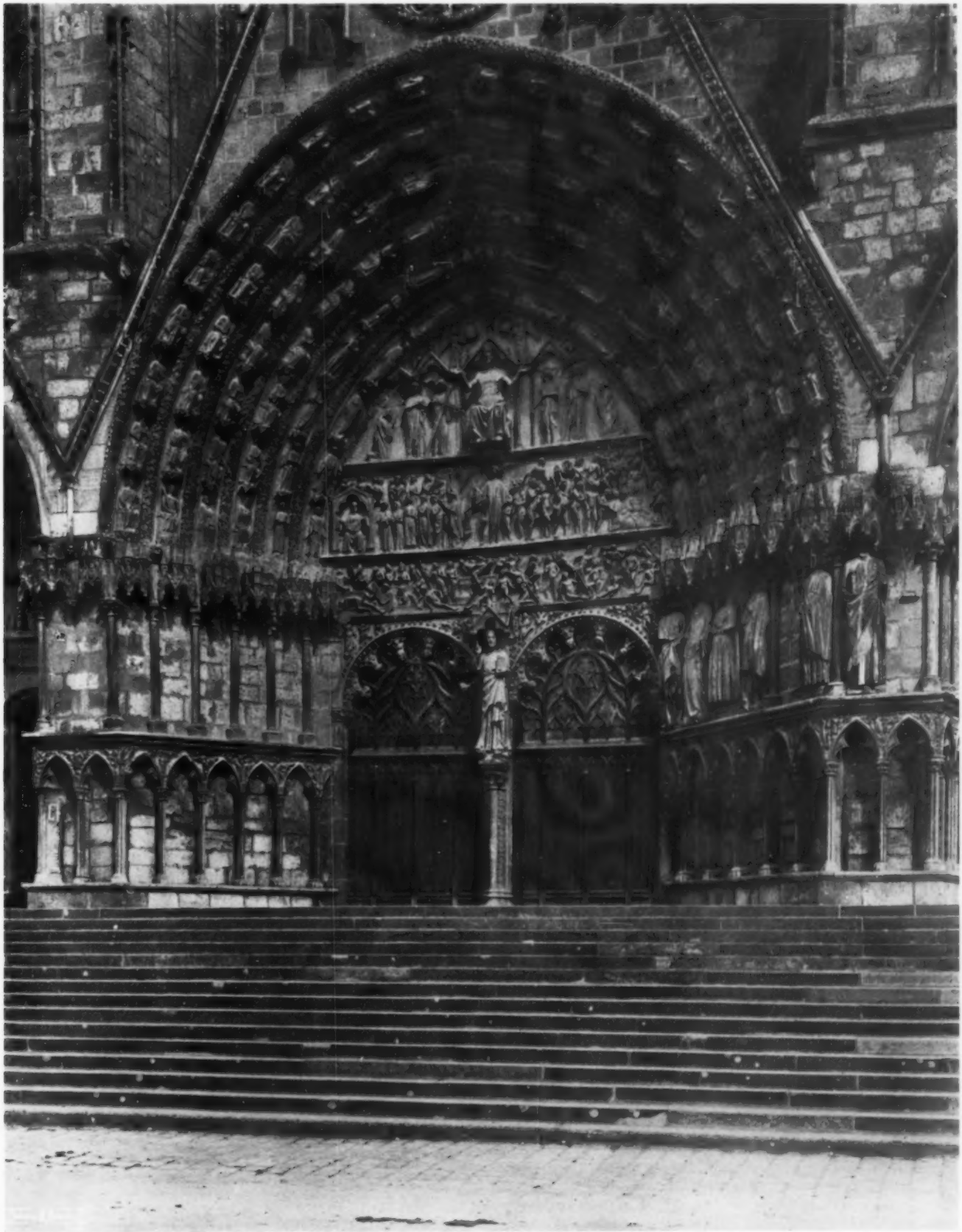
the pointed arch was not a mere decorative device, but was the definitely practical solution of a definite problem. That solution gave us Beauvais choir, "the Kubla Khan of architecture," like a great hymn interrupted, in which the Gothic spirit, pushed to its logical conclusion, has striven to utter the unutterable. That solution also gave us the triumph of Bourges or the perfection of Amiens. Like all things which partake of the quality of organic growth, the fabric of the Gothic cathedrals needs constant repair, as a plant needs rain and sunshine; but the responsibility for this should be our privilege, for they irradiate that subtle gift of natural beauty which is missed by the ponderous masses of well-nigh solid stone that outlast the centuries, untouched, unchangeable, as oppressive as a dolmen or a pyramid, and almost as uninspired.

Of the master-masons who built these mighty structures we know little, and there is very little trace. On the right-hand door of the western façade of Chartres is a figure of Geometry, or Architecture, holding a square and compass, while Archimedes writes beneath. On the north porch of the same cathedral the architect with his square appears again. Among the liberal arts carved on the façade of Laon is a woman holding a compass and a drawing-board, and the same motive recurs upon the central door of Sens.

In all these cases it is not the architect, as we know him now, who is represented, but a "master of the work" who had charge of the whole building from its foundations to its furniture, and was as capable of planning out an octagonal apse as of carving a saint upon the doorway or a sinner beneath the seat of an ecclesiastic.

It was under the protection of the Church that the first schools of Charlemagne arose, and under the shelter of the Church alone could the quiet and security necessary to artistic education be then discovered. This is typified by the fact that the Abbey of Cluny was the real bulwark against a barbarism which had, previous to its foundation, been practically permanent for many hundred years. It had branches from Spain to Poland, and was as active in politics and letters as in art; and if its foundation by William of Aquitaine had not been confirmed in 932 by the Bull of Pope John XI., it is probable that the history of architecture would have shown a very different course from that we know.

The tenth century was one of the most terrible through which the world, as history conceives it, has ever passed. It was ignorant, it was filled with unintelligible portents, it was oppressed by unnamed horror. Men had become convinced that the year 1000 would be the end of the world. The carvings of that time faithfully reflect the terror of their makers. Thin, contracted, suffering, praying with feverish hands for the death they visibly abhor, they are the symbols of a civilisation which longed to escape its present life, yet saw nothing in the gulf beyond save Satan looming larger and more powerful than Christ. Plague, pestilence, famine and the brutalities of war led up to that fateful date and overpassed it. The trump of the Archangel Gabriel and the rending of the sullen skies had been



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CENTRAL PORCH OF WEST FRONT SHOWING THE JUDGMENT PANELS. Copyright.—"C.L."



continuously expected in the eyes and ears of all men as they waited for a Judgment Day that could add nothing to the ills they had already. With difficulty that morbid feeling of oppression wore off; very slowly it disappeared; but when the revulsion came, the swing of the emotional pendulum went over to the far extreme. If they were indeed to live, the people would make life worth living; they would struggle for more personal liberty. It is a most illuminating fact that this struggle follows exactly the same lines as are traced by the essential details in the development of art. For it was under the protection of Cluny, as I have pointed out, that Gothic architecture first arose; and one of the abbeys which Cluny controlled was Vézelay, where were the feudal oven, mill and winepress of the community. The Counts of Nevers, in the course of a constant quarrel with the Abbots, took the side of the burghers by granting to these latter the rights of a Commune, and the Commune (that "new word of dreadful sound") promptly fortified itself against Abbot and Count alike. Before 1120 Communes were established in Le Mans, Cambrai, St. Quentin, Laon, Amiens, Beauvais, Soissons, Orleans, Sens and Reims. Almost every name is that of a great cathedral.

The new burghers, as eager for organisation as they were for liberty, took the patterns of the religious foundations which were ready to hand, and in the process absorbed their arts and sciences as well, subdividing themselves (as the monks had done before them) into companies and crafts and guilds. Thus it was that architecture became one of the recognised professional crafts, with its *Maître de l'Œuvre*, a layman, who is part of a skilled corporation, giving orders to its members, with regulated hours, responsibilities and wages, and all the emulation that is given by ardent study, by the freedom of individual talent under a co-operative bond of union, working out spontaneously its own ideals without any reference to ecclesiastical dogmatism. In this way the thirteenth century used industry and commerce to increase both the security and the value of the constitutions of the towns. The organisation of civic liberty had in its turn encouraged and consolidated the corporations of the arts and crafts. The King was the citizens' champion against the nobles, and the Church was far too keen to risk the loss of auxiliaries so lusty and so capable. Thus rose the Cathedral-builders, and so Bourges, Chartres, Amiens and the rest were built, constructed and adorned by unknown masons, created by men whose natural emotional seriousness led them to achieve the noble expression of their thought as the integral part of a larger, unified conception to which each worker contributed his share. So the façade of Bourges, for instance, is not to be considered by itself; it was one of the many beauties of the whole cathedral structure; and if in the pages of this chapter and the preceding one I have selected many separate figures or groups to illustrate my various theories, it must not be imagined that I desire to emphasise them singly. My wish is to point out how a loyal co-operation in the main design can be combined with a variety of detail so infinite that scarcely any department of contemporary life and knowledge has been omitted, either as the subject of direct record or as the material of even more vivid imaginations.

There have always been philosophers and satirists enough to laugh over these childlike imaginations of an age before their own: Lucian over Paganism, Rabelais or Erasmus over the Reform, Cervantes over Chivalry, Voltaire over the Monarchy—and many more. When the old order passes there is ever some ingenious devil at its bedside, heralding the death-agony with a rattle of his cap and bells. Fantasy in imagination, whether in literature or in any other form of creative art, can only be fully appreciated by virginity in belief; it is therefore only welcomed by a nation in its swaddling-clothes, and its last notes will be sounded in the second childhood of a worn-out race. When they are silent, the silence will be that of Death. The modern world seems to be set somewhere vaguely between that beginning and that end.

The Gothic world had lost all interest in Juno, Venus or Neptune, and the scandals of a Trojan war in which all Olympus was alert about the fortunes of a single hero. The Gothic carver had to set forth the case of all humanity, from king to peasant, from the humblest worshipper to the Pope upon his throne, as against the Enemy of Mankind who walketh in Darkness. But we can claim no interest either in Achilles and Hector or in the Devil and his angels. We look with cultured suspicion upon the unity of the Homeric poems, and we decline to argue with the Psychical Society on the evidences of another world. In us neither the innate intelligence of the race nor the pure imaginations of our childhood have survived the crushing weight of universal education. We insist upon our children being taught the alphabet, but we leave them to find out the Word of God for themselves. We are so anxious that the creed they follow shall be quite correct, that we care little where or how they worship; and one result of this has been that a new church

has become a rarity, and a new cathedral seems to be utterly impossible, for a magnificent building, as impressive in plan as it is dignified and full in detail, is only possible when its builders are sincerely anxious to build it and its designers sincerely believe what they desire to express. Trades unions, directed by a cultured Atheist, and ready to strike for higher wages any minute, are not likely to produce much. Our workmen, to begin with, know very little of the plain art of building at all. And not an atom of the creative imagination which was essential to the mediæval carver has been left them by the modern printing press. So we should now have to pay ten times over (in wages alone) what the old Gothic cathedral cost, and we should never get a tenth of its beauty even then. My one prayer will be that no one will ever try.

At the building of Chartres Cathedral nearly every scrap of handiwork was offered free. Those workmen who could not keep themselves were given food and lodging while they worked. No one was allowed to work at all whose previous life had not been pure. Let us see, for a moment, what was the result of employing stonemasons under circumstances like these. The sculptor of the best statues on the west façade has now reached a vitality of expression in each figure that approaches the individuality of portraiture, and certainly indicates the typically Gallic character of the models; yet he has not forgotten that he is, before all, a stonemason, elaborating an architectural conception in his own way, and he has therefore employed a restraint in outline and a confessed exaggeration in length which are entirely appropriate to the column of which each statue forms a part. Yet it should also be noticed that he does not go too far in that direction; he does not make the figure itself bear any superincumbent weight, after the manner of a caryatid, or of those early figures which seem to carry such vast weights on their bent shoulders that an uneasy impression of discomfort is produced in the spectator, and Dante finds no easier simile for the souls oppressed in Hell. In the best Gothic work, whether at Chartres, at Bourges, or elsewhere, the shaft is clearly and openly left to bear its archivolt, and the decoration carved upon it never hides this simple constructional effect, but only fuses with it an ornamental element which perfects the whole, as crisply cut, as finely worked, as the round pillar upon which it grows, as a flower grows upon a branch. The porch of Chartres, in fact, is full of pillars bursting into life, not of statues each stuck upon its column. And it is the same with the fivefold porch of Bourges. Not a line in the constructive plan is hidden, yet from every arch there rises the choiring song of seraphim and cherubim and all the company of Heaven.

Of the six buttresses in which the five portals of the façade of Bourges are held, the last two at each end belong to the western towers. Only the southern tower is of the same period as the façade itself. The original north tower fell down on the last day of 1506, and was rebuilt in 1523. But apart from this, the thirteenth century work of the fourth cathedral on this site has been remarkably well preserved, and the two Romanesque porches are about seventy years older still. Yet it is the stained glass that always remains as the most marvellous survival, and of this something must, in conclusion, be said; for it is almost the only thing by which we can begin to realise that the old cathedrals possessed living colour as well as living form. Wonderful as they appear even in this twentieth century, the original painting has either perished from their walls or shows only in a few faded patches of the crude grounding-paints which were harmonised by glazings and diapers. Here and there in the hollow of a moulding or the recess of a roof-timber we may catch some faint glimpse of the old builders' meaning; but for any adequate appreciation of their real art we must look at the contemporary illuminations of their manuscripts, especially at the brilliancy of their stained glass.

It would be inappropriate to these pages either to give any detailed description of this special art in France or to recount in full the memorable examples preserved in the windows of Bourges Cathedral; but it is possible to suggest a few main principles and to illustrate them with a few instances that can easily be verified by the traveller on the spot. The "stained glass" of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries was usually composed of a mosaic-work of small pieces of whole-coloured glass, blue, red, green or yellow. This formed the background upon which were laid medallions of various shapes containing scenes painted from Biblical or legendary history. The whole was framed in a richly ornamental border of flowers, fruit or arabesques. The medallions are painted in lustre of various tints, burnt into the glass, without much light and shade, and with very rudimentary notions of what we call perspective. In windows placed high up in the wall the medallions are sometimes replaced by full-length figures standing straight out of the mosaic background, and towards the end of the thirteenth century this background tends to become uniform, and some





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THE WEST FRONT: FIRST PORCH.

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beginnings of light and shade are noticeable in the treatment of the main theme. The best specimens of this work in Bourges are to be found in the Choir, and wherever the fire of 1559 spared the original thirteenth century glass in other parts of the building. With the exception of eighteen lancet windows now showing plain glass, the old work exists in one hundred and thirty-six original windows and forty-five rose windows. Looking towards the apse at the east end you will distinguish three superimposed ranks of windows. In the first series are displayed the Prophets from Moses to John the Baptist, with the figure of the Lamb of God in the axis of the apse, which is followed by

the life of St. Mary of Egypt from her early wickedness to her adoration of the cross at Jerusalem, her pilgrimage of forty-seven years in the wilderness, and her death and burial by Zosimus in the grave the desert lions have hollowed for her in the sand. The life of St. Nicholas is given in great detail in the next window, from his piety almost immediately after birth to his successful schooldays and his consecration as bishop. The tale of the three students of Athens is then illustrated: how they enter an inn with the bishop and are murdered at night by the innkeeper, who hacks the corpses in pieces. But St. Nicholas restores them to life, and during the same eventful visit places

a sum sufficient for their dowry in the bedroom of three young girls whose father had determined to devote them to a life of shame. This throws a somewhat lurid light on the manners and customs of the degenerate Hellene, but St. Nicholas does not waste more time over the common people. His next appearance is in a dream to the Emperor Constantine, whom he threatens with terrible calamities unless three officers unjustly accused are immediately released. Turning from the Dreyfus case of the period to less weighty matters, the energetic bishop then rescues a child who had fallen into the sea, and she is shown offering a vase in gratitude at his shrine. The story is not so simple as it may appear in the pictures, for this child had been the gift of the Saint to a bereaved father in answer to his prayers, and the happy parent had determined to offer up a vase as thank-offering; but the vase, when made, turned out to be so handsome that the penurious father substituted a much cheaper one for the original gift, and as a punishment for his ingratitude the child, who had been sent to fill the second offering with water, fell into the sea. When St. Nicholas rescued it, the astonished parent, recognising the error of his ways, made a present of both vases to the bishop's shrine.

The third window gives the life of St. Mary Magdalen and needs no detailed description. The fourth, which has had two medallions transposed at some date subsequent to its original manufacture, was made by the guild of water-craftsmen or fountain-builders, who represent the discovery of the body of St. Stephen, and the subsequent astonishing adventures of these relics in Jerusalem, on the voyage by sea (much troubled by demons) to Constantinople, and in their final resting-place in Rome.

I have said enough to show how practically unlimited was the material within reach of the humblest craftsman of the thirteenth century owing to the fact that he believed in a large number of occurrences that have now passed into oblivion; he believed these things without question, and he remembered all their complicated circumstances, because they had been impressed upon his mind as soon as he was able to understand anything, and because his intelligence was not weakened and dissipated by constant reading. Printing, in fact, had not been invented; and this one reason has more to do with the explanation of the old cathedrals than almost any other single circumstance. The world benefited so enormously by the printing press that we have never stopped to consider whether



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CHOIR AND NORTH AISLE FROM RETRO-CHOIR.

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the Apostles. In the middle series are their successors, the Bishops of Berri. In the third line are the most interesting pictures of all, the interpretations of the Scriptures and the stories of the Saints.

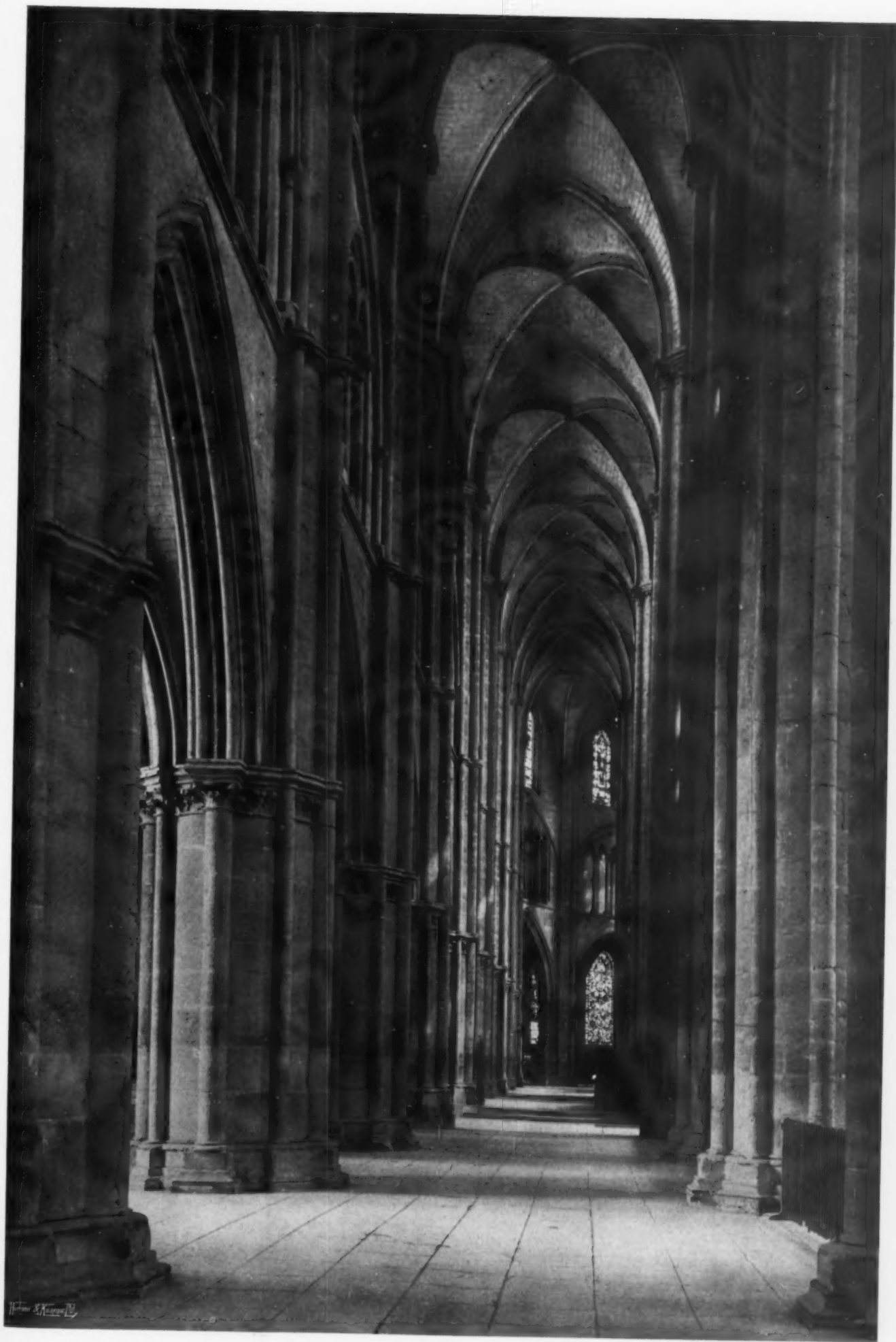
Here you may see the moving tale of Lazarus and of the Rich Man in Hell pictured by the guild of masons, whose craft is represented in the lowest medallion. The scenes are given in order from beneath upwards, from the grain stored in the treasure-vaults of Dives and the feast attended by his wife and watched by the beggar, to the death of Dives, whose soul is carried off by demons, and of Lazarus, who is in Abraham's bosom. In the first chapel of the apse the first window shows











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NORTH NAVE AISLE TO EAST.

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CHOIR FROM ACROSS AISLES.

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those developments can in reality be considered as a consolation for what we lost when printing was invented, when the Bible and the "Lives of the Saints" were precious manuscripts, often priceless specimens of illumination and miniature painting, always treated with a reverence for their material value which unconsciously increased their spiritual importance. No amount of County Council schools of art can bring back that ready craftsmanship, based upon childlike faith, and given as a free gift to the fabric of the community's cathedral. There was a soaring aspiration expressed in the masses of Gothic architecture which was, in the capable mind of its designer, the reflection of that prolific ecstasy which decorated those masses with unnumbered scenes of legend, of sacred story, of

into producing similar cathedrals under modern conditions. For even in those Greek temples, which look so comparatively simple, there are mysteries which the modern builder never knew. You have but to look at the Madeleine in Paris and compare it with its gracious prototype. The original Greek work is full of subtle curves and slight but essential differences which make it a thing of beauty. The same reasoning holds for the Gothic cathedrals. They are not good because they are old. Beauty is not a matter of time, for "age cannot wither her nor custom stale her infinite variety." These buildings are old because they are good, which is a very different matter. And any new building inspired by the same genius and carried out with the same enthusiasm would be good in spite of any



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WEST FRONT: ARCHES WITH OLD TESTAMENT SCULPTURES.

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contemporary life, of dreams of Hell and Heaven, carved by the hands of lesser workmen.

The thirteenth century cathedral is almost unintelligible to the most cultured of its visitors of to-day without the assistance of a guide-book. But no amount of books and no amount of "art-training" would educate the workmen of to-day

youth. But both the genius and the enthusiasm are dead. The great cathedrals are a part of the world's inheritance that we—their temporary guardians—have to hand on undiminished to our heirs. Let us see to it, each in his own measure and in his own strength, that we bear our part and justify our trust.

THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

**F**EW subjects have for me such a fascination as the illustrations of imaginative literature, and never did I scan pictures with greater interest than was aroused by those of Mr. Hugh Thomson for *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (Heinemann). They set one thinking about the whole process. First the writer conceives in his mind the figure of one of his characters, and then with what skill he can command tries to give literary form to his concept. If a great artist, he does not describe, because he recognises that description is a horror. The classic example is Homer, who created an impression of the perfect loveliness of Helen without giving a single detail about her. Shakespeare differed from Homer in so far that his characters were intended for immediate appearance on the stage, which, of course, is illustrative in the highest degree. The epic poet can afford to be indistinct and

shadowy, but the dramatist must perforce be more concrete. Yet it is doubtful if Shakespeare ever was satisfied that the actor of the day had fully and truly given bodily shape to his thought. And after four hundred years it has become much more difficult for us. He could tell the actor what clothes to wear, what gestures to make, what expressions to assume; but he can only communicate with us by means of written words, and words at their best, as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes used to say, are no better than algebraic formulae. In other words, they can only give a hint at what was in the mind of the creative genius. In a homely, practical way all of us have had experience of this difficulty. Look how an anecdote or story gets modified in course of transmission. Each of those who retail it does so with a difference, gives emphasis where it was not originally, adds detail or omits it, makes the tale either more or less

telling. The image made in the mind of the hearer is never exactly the same as that in the mind of the narrator. Here is a difficulty which is enormously increased when the writer signals to the artist over a space of four centuries. Language and habits of thought and attitude of mind, all have changed.

On the other side there are various considerations. There is the tradition of the stage as a help, and then *The Merry Wives* is one of the least elusive of masterpieces. In it we see at work rather the accomplished playwright set a task well within his power, doing his work in workman-like style, than the great poet who gave us "Hamlet" and "The Tempest." Falstaff, the chief character, has been so long a familiar of the poet that he can be manipulated with the utmost ease and precision. The play is not one of Shakespeare's best. It has a splendid vitality, and gives evidence of having been flung off in the heyday of the author's strength; but it was done to order, and the last act was worked up too mechanically. But he did not give days and nights to working out the plot, or he would have discerned that the true spirit of comedy demanded that, after his two defeats, Falstaff, by some unheard-of act of brilliant baseness, should have scored against the forces united against him.

The best of the play is at the beginning, and so are the best of the pictures. Our deliberate opinion in regard to these is that Mr. Hugh Thomson has scored a signal and most brilliant success. It would have been nearly perfect if he had only refrained from picturing the Herne the Hunter scenes in the fifth act. They afford no worthy opportunity for the exercise of his best gift of humour and characterisation. Prettiness he has achieved, but prettiness cloyes very quickly and lesser men can picture elves and fairies. In a few instances Mr. Thomson falls into the ways of the common book-illustrator, who searches his text for the melodramatic moment and straightway tries to delineate it. "Thrown in the Thames" is a case in point. We can imagine the type of artist to whom the incident would be irresistible, but it ought to have possessed no temptation for the most accomplished book-illustrator of our time. Equally unworthy of him is the merely sensational picture, "Villain! Larron! (pulling Simple out)."

For the rest there is nothing but praise. In its pure charm it will be difficult to excel "Enter Anne Page with wine, Mrs. Ford and Mistress Page following." This is "Sweet Anne Page," as definitely as if she had come from Shakespeare's own pencil, a "hawthorn bud" in the knight's phrase. Fenton, too, is drawn with poetic seriousness. The artist has chosen to illustrate from a text supplied by the host. This minor character is drawn with consummate skill. It is but an outside view of him given by Page when he exclaims:

"Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily."

Under his jolly swaggering exterior lies shrewd practical sense and understanding. It is he who sees that Fenton is destined to be the fortunate lover:

"What say you to young master Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has eyes of youth, he writes verses, he speaks holyday, he smells April and May; he will carry't; he will carry't; 'tis in his buttons; he will carry't."

There is genius in the picture aptly named "He has eyes of youth, he smells April and May." It shows us a youth at play in an orchard gay with the blossoms of spring, and two dogs with him, dogs galloping in the joy of life.

So far we have dealt with features that are not common in the artist's work. The more characteristic illustrations are those in which he gives free and full play to his humour and humanity. He must have taken an absolute delight in the people of the play. Slender especially is an unfailing well-spring of laughter. He first appears with Sir Hugh Evans and Justice Shallow, the latter protesting: "If he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs he shall not abuse Robert Shallow Esquire." Young Slender and old Shallow are versions of the same type of man at different stages of development. Next "They bore me to the tavern." His foolish face exactly fits the inept, luckless words that Shakespeare puts into his mouth. One could read his love story in the pictures where he figures with Anne Page, bewildering her with his book of riddles, making himself a nuisance by refusing to go into dinner till he is pressed and almost commanded, "unmannerly and troublesome," acting always the "laggard in love." And Dame Quickly, how deftly she is portrayed. The best drawing of her goes with the text, "I wash, wring . . . and do all myself." You feel the wind that flaps the linen she is hanging out and blows against her short petticoat and bends the trees. As a study of wind and of a stout washerwoman the thing is perfect, but it has not the slyness and humour which are inimitably given in "Have not your worship a wart above your eye," or the invitation of the merry wives, "Go in with us and see." Almost the best picture is that in the inn, where she is reporting to Falstaff, "Marry this is the short and the long of it." The

knight sits at the table, jug in hand, and she leans over smiling, garrulous, complaisant. He has pictured her to the very life.

It is difficult to tear one's self away from this most fascinating gallery. We ought to say something of the unfailing vivacity with which Mrs. Page and Mrs. Ford are depicted. As an example, we might refer to the clever sketch, "You little Jack-a-Lent, have you been true to me?" And this brings in Robin the page—smart, impudent, irresistible. And the reader may be advised to look at "There's pippins and cheese to come." Most successful, too, is the rendering of Tudor village scenes, such as the excellent group drawn to go with "Why do your dogs bark so? Be there bears in the town?" It is as good as a tailpiece by Bewick. Equal praise is due to "Master Slender is let the boys leave to play." There is in this a round-faced, small-eyed, chubby, mischievous boy who ought to be enjoyed, "simple of itself." Much more might be said of Mr. Thomson's conception of the fat knight himself, of the lovely Elizabethan dresses and of the Tudor buildings used as background. The edition will cause many to read *The Merry Wives* with new zest and increased understanding. P.

#### ALEXANDER MACMILLAN.

*The Life and Letters of Alexander Macmillan*, by Charles Graves. (Macmillan.)

THE great and honourable house of Macmillan ranks with the highest type of English publisher, and he to whose exertions its standing is due well deserves the biography which Mr. Charles Graves has written with his accustomed skill. The story told is that old one of the poor but honest and industrious Scot who has made his way in London. At one time the Macmillan clan was probably of some importance in Argyllshire, but the branch of it from which Alexander sprang belonged to the "cotton-crofter" class. His father, Duncan Macmillan, was born in 1766, and succeeded his father-in-law in the occupation of a small farm at Upper Corrie, "a most humble house on the brow of a hill overlooking the sea, and getting, on fine days, a clear view of the Ayrshire coast." But shortly afterwards he moved from Arran to Irvine in Ayrshire, where he cultivated a few acres, and filled in his time with carrying coals to the harbour of Irvine. Like many men who have won distinction in the world, Macmillan had an exceptional mother, whose liberality of spirit was distinctive in a country given over to narrow religious beliefs. Some of her sayings were highly characteristic. "Puir body, he has nae room in him," was one, and she horrified some of her more Puritanical neighbours by saying that to her thinking "such of them as did have the good fortune to reach Heaven would have to put up with the company of many Romanists." Alexander Macmillan was, therefore, not prepared for any particular vocation in life, although the example and precepts of his excellent parents formed a training to equip a capable boy for any honourable work that he should be called upon to do. In early youth he drifted to Glasgow, where he was glad to become usher in a school at a salary of twelve pounds a year, on which, he tells us, he actually lived for nine months. He was, again, a schoolmaster at Paisley in Renfrewshire from 1838-39, again at a very small salary. Meantime his brother Daniel had been making his way in the firm of the Messrs. Seeley, who carried on business in Fleet Street and in Cambridge. He found an opening for Alexander at the wage of sixty pounds a year as collector, and thus began the close association of the two brothers which only ended with the death of Daniel in 1857. By slow degrees and painstaking labour, though not with many fluctuations of fortune, Alexander Macmillan worked himself up from this position of bookseller's assistant to the headship of the great publishing firm which bears his name. The story Mr. Graves has to tell, as may easily be imagined, is not one of strong sensational or romantic interest, but of steady and almost monotonous toil; yet Alexander Macmillan could not be classed among those publishers who know only the outside of books. He was from the earliest period of life enthusiastically devoted to literature, and experienced the very highest pleasure in producing a good book. As might be expected, nearly every page of the biography contains mention of some of the leading men of the last generation. Perhaps the most interesting and lovable of the literary friends of Macmillan was Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," and the inception and publishing of this work will be read with keen interest. His letters, in their homely familiarity, form very pleasant reading. The advent of *Macmillan's Magazine* was another notable event, which brought the subject of the biography into close touch with many of the leading men of his day, especially Tennyson. He had in early life come to admire Tennyson's poems more almost than those of anybody else, and it is plain that the ambition to become their publisher was long entertained by him, though an honourable etiquette prevented him from interfering with the arrangements of the firm of Moxon. He had a considerable amount of intercourse of a very pleasant kind with the poet. Lord Morley of Blackburn figures also in the pages as the original editor of the "English Men of Letters" Series. The story of the negotiations with George Eliot for the purpose of inducing her to contribute a Shakespeare to the series is, we believe, put into print for the first time. At any rate, we have heard versions of the story which contain many plausible additions to Macmillan's plain tale. George Eliot at the time was at the zenith of her reputation, and held in the estimation of many a first place in English letters, but she could not induce herself to write a biography of the Shakespeare she revered above all men. With F. D. Morris Macmillan had very close association. He remained to the end full of those aspirations towards the amelioration of social hardships which distinguished Morris, and the survey made by Mr. Graves is that of a long, busy and useful life. If the biography of Alexander Macmillan be read in conjunction with that of Daniel Macmillan, the two together will be found to give a very complete history of the famous publishing firm.

#### OLD ENGLAND.

*Rewards and Fairies*, by Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan.)

THIS volume is a continuation of "Puck of Pook's Hill." Once more, on Midsummer Day, Robin Goodfellow appears to Dan and Una, and "by means of the magic of Oak, Ash and Thorn, gave the children power—

To see what they should see and hear what they should hear,  
Though it should have happened three thousand year."



The clue to these sketches is given in a poem called "Charm," the best of many provided in the volume. This is the first verse:

Take of English earth as much  
As either hand may rightly clutch.  
In the taking of it breathe  
Prayer for all who lie beneath—  
Not the great nor well bespoke,  
But the mere uncounted folk  
Of whose life and death is none  
Report or lamentation.

Lay that earth upon thy heart,  
And thy sickness shall depart!

Mr. Kipling has mused over the past till he is able to reproduce with vivid intensity some of the less-known and yet salient points in its history. Of the chapters we like best the one called "The Knife and the Naked Chalk," because it renders with a power that in these days belongs almost exclusively to Mr. Kipling, the primitive warfare of the Down Shepherd with the Wolf, The Curse of the Chalk, Feet-in-the-Night, which in Palæolithic times was stronger than man. Very fine in its way, too, is the picture of Gloriana at Rye with her laces and her vanities, her sharp arbitrary ways, her skinflint propensities and, beneath them all, that strong heart which sustained England at the time of her greatest need. A very worthy picture of Elizabeth it is in small space. But the most touching of the sketches is that which deals with the legend of Harold having lived long after the Battle of Hastings and dying at last under the eye of Harry Beaucherc. Pathetic, but distasteful, it must be described. Historically, there is nothing in this volume quite so good as the memorable picture of the Roman wall and the soldiery on it in the preceding volume; but the story of Wilfrid, "a priest in spite of himself," possesses an equal, if a quieter, charm.

It serves to show, indeed, what curious, out-of-the-way caverns and recesses of English history Mr. Kipling has penetrated. With his vivid imagination he seems able to take up a legend belonging to almost any spot of earth and reproduce it with actuality and realism before our modern eyes. The machinery of this book is that of a fairy tale. The children themselves are always painted with the bright, attractive colours which proclaim the lover of the child, but the stories are evidently not intended for childish reading. They would be found too difficult for that purpose. They are meant for their elders and grown-ups, and the accessories of children, fairies and so forth are only used to give *verisemblance* to the story.

All the same, every child who reads these stories will be the better for it. The narrative in many cases will be beyond their capacity and Mr. Kipling has not greatly studied simplicity of construction; but there are numberless incidents, sudden, unexpected, and beautiful in character, that are bound to arrest even a child's attention. And the verses, though they do not reach the high-water mark of Mr. Kipling's achievements, are nevertheless clever and attractive.

#### BOOKS TO ORDER FROM THE LIBRARY.

The Exception, by Oliver Onions. (Methuen.)

The Gates. (John Murray.)

The Spell of Egypt, by Robert Hichens. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

The Osbornes, by E. F. Benson. (Smith, Elder.)

The Household of the Lafayettes, by Edith Sichel. (Constable.)

The Old Road, by Hilaire Belloc. (Constable.)

The Mother of Parliaments, by Harry Graham. (Methuen.)

[SHORT NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 16\*.]

## ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

#### MEETING OF THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT.

THE autumn meeting lately concluded at St. Andrews has been in all ways a memorable one. Possibly Mr. Mure Fergusson, the newly-appointed captain, set the first note of novelty when he drove off his ball, whereby he won Queen Adelaide's medal, into the margin of the seashore, and gave a race for its recovery to the waiting caddies. The day, save for three hours of moderate rain, was ideal for golf, dull, with the greens made good and true by the damp upon them, and the field was a record one in its entry. Let this be said as to the numbers of

the competitors, but discounted duly in respect of its quality, for there were notable names absent. It needs only to say that Mr. Ball, Mr. Graham, Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Laidlay and Captain Hutchison were not there, to indicate a conspicuous absence of some of the talent; but there was plenty left, and in the event, the medal of King William IV.'s gift to the club was taken by Mr. "Tony" Fairlie in a score of 74, which equals, nominally, the record best in any competition of this venerable club. But to say merely that is not to give it quite its fair due, for the previous scores of 74, which have twice been returned, were made on a course which had not been subjected to the stretching process which has now lengthened it out from its former measure by some five or six hundred yards, nor were all the latest bunkers then inserted.

#### THE MEDAL WINNER.

Mr. Fairlie comes of that celebrated Ayrshire family of golfers of which the late Mr. J. O. Fairlie of Coodham was the head. His eldest brother, Mr. Ogilvie Fairlie, has been captain of the Royal and Ancient Club, and there was a year, some while ago now, in which another brother, Mr. Frank Fairlie, was probably

of that time. He won, for instance, in that year, in addition to many other trophies, the St. George's Cup, at a time (and it makes all the difference in the merit of the win) when the amateur championship was held at Sandwich, which means that all the best were in the lists against him. Yet this last victory of Mr. "Tony" seems almost unequalled. Consider the scores when all the best professionals were playing over the classic links at the last open championship. They played for days on it, and the sensation which was caused when first one and then a second of them came in with 71 was almost terrible. Good men of St. Andrews stood aghast. Yet here is an amateur,

in a single round only, going within three strokes of these figures which were looked on as epoch-making. It needs to say no more to point the moral, and Mr. Fairlie deserves all the triumph because he has been so near the top so often before without ever quite getting there.

#### THE TIE FOR SECOND MEDAL.

Three strokes parted this superlative score from the relatively fine ones at which Mr. Edward Blackwell, Mr. Shaw and Captain Skene tied for the second medal on the same day. The following morning was fixed as the date for playing off the tie, and Mr. Shaw, apparently deeming discretion better than valour, scratched, leaving the decision between Mr. Blackwell and Captain Skene. The morning was as beautiful a day for golf as the medal day itself, and when they went forth to fight Mr. Blackwell gave an exhibition of his biggest and best. At the club dinner on the night before, when Captain Skene was forced, with reluctance, to his feet to respond to the toast of his health, his speech had a brevity and wit which may be reproduced at full, for he said: "There is an old story of David and Goliath, but in that old story David had a sling and a stone.



MR. J. R. GAIRDNER.



In the modern version, which is to be played to-morrow, David will only have a golf club and a rubber-cored ball." That was the whole speech, both little and good, and the morrow bore out its moral. Mr. Blackwell went out in 35, he took two shots to get out of a bunker at the twelfth hole, yet even so he was round in 74, equalling the medal-winning record of the day before, and had a possible putt to beat it. But it was just as well he did not—as well to let that record stand—because, after all, it is not the same thing doing the score when you are Goliath in a duel with a slingshot David and doing it when you are a single man, however gigantic, against a whole field in arms. So that was the conclusion of one of the best medal meetings in the great story of this Royal and Ancient Club.

#### THE BUSINESS MEETING.

It was a great week at St. Andrews altogether, for the "business" meeting, so called, preceding the medal play, did some real work. For one thing, it sanctioned the inclusion in the statutory "definitions" of the "Form and Make of Golf Clubs" as prescribed by the Rules of Golf Committee, and that committee gave notice of an intimation to be appended to the clause touching that subject which ties the hands of the clubmakers pretty tightly. The sense in which the term "mallet-headed" is interpreted by them is fairly liberal, embracing all clubs that in any way seem to aim, by a bending of the "hose," at arriving at that "centre balance" which is objected to as making the putting part of the game too easy. That is a view which might raise the debatable point whether, as at present devised, the game does not a little err on the side of making the putting too difficult, and making it count for a little too much in the actual result, inasmuch as a putt of a foot has the same value in a score as a drive of two hundred yards. There seems almost a lack of the perfect "centre balance" in such an arrangement as this; yet there, for better or worse, we have it. There were some further alterations passed, of little moment and chiefly verbal, in the rules of the game, and it is now intimated that in the spring of next year the fields on the right hand of the course coming in will be put out of bounds, and the club gave authority to the committee to rule the railway also out of bounds at the same time. So there goes right out of the kingdom of golf one of the most time-honoured and worst hazards that the game has ever seen.

#### THE LADY'S BATTLE.

On Tuesday and Thursday in next week will be seen the great battle between Miss Leitch and Mr. Hilton—Tuesday at Walton Heath and Thursday at Sunningdale. Very few historic matches have previously taken place between the champions of the sexes. We came across the other day an account of one interesting match, which bears remotely on the subject. In 1902, at Portrush, Miss Rhona Adair, who was then at the height of her fame, and Mr. Hilton played a foursome against Mr. Harold Reade and Mr. Newitt. Both these gentlemen have won the close championship of Ireland, and Mr. Reade particularly is a really fine player, who has never quite done himself justice in public. Yet this strong pair were beaten by Miss Adair and Mr. Hilton by seven up and six to play.

#### MR. J. R. GAIRDNER.

Mr. John Gairdner is a familiar figure at North Berwick, and one of the very best players to be seen on that famous course. A Scotsman by birth, he has played golf from early youth, though there was something of a hiatus in his golfing career when he lived for some years abroad. At one time he played a good deal at Sudbrook Park, but of late years he has played altogether at North Berwick, and has helped the Tantallon Club in many of its victories. Probably no one stands more "open" than does Mr. Gairdner, and he stands, moreover, a very long way off the ball. Yet though this attitude would with most players conduce to a forcing style, the swing of the club in his case is easy and graceful, to say nothing of the fact that it sends the ball a long way. For so good a player Mr. Gairdner has never quite done himself justice in the amateur championship, but that he is a really fine golfer there can be no manner of doubt. He has played for Scotland in the International match, and has also played a prominent part, as a delegate from the Tantallon Club, in what may be called the politics of golf, particularly the vexed question of the championship rota.

#### THE AMERICAN AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

By an EX-AMATEUR CHAMPION, U.S.A.

THE last championship, while the largest, was the best-run championship we have had in this country. The entry list was much the largest, there being two hundred and seventeen entries, and two hundred and four started. The last few couples could not get in in time on account of the darkness, and had to finish out their medal round the following morning early. That was on account of the lamentable time it took for the players to complete the round of eighteen holes; in some instances as much as four hours and a-quarter. I wonder what we are going to do to stop this dilly-dallying over shots. It really is a menace to the game. Eighty-six and below qualified a man for the first sixty-four, and 168 for the two rounds.

The lowest score was made by Fred Herreshoff, who made 78 and 74. The surprise of the meeting was that last year's champion, Gardner, and a double champion, H. C. Egan, failed to qualify. Egan failed to make the first sixty-four, having an 87. Gardner had 169 for the two rounds. Egan has always been a wild driver, and that fault is heavily penalised at the Country Club: hence his failure. However, it was a pity that these two men did not get in the thirty-two, as they are very fine players and it might have altered the result.

Travis had the best of the draw; Evans and Herreshoff had the worst of it. They met before the semi-finals. Herreshoff in the first match-play round of eighteen holes won easily, making a brilliant 72, the lowest score of the tournament. He met Evans in the thirty-six-hole match on Thursday. After being two up at the seventh hole, for some unaccountable reason he commenced to top his drives. Evans quickly squared the match with him, playing brilliant golf and having six threes

in the last eleven holes, and so stood six up in the morning. In the afternoon, Herreshoff, in attempting to take all the chances, lost by eleven up and ten to play. That day Evans played brilliant golf. He is, to my mind, the best player among the amateurs in this country.

On Friday Evans met W. C. Fownes, jun., a Pittsburg player, who has always been well to the front, a man of thirty-five, with a very sound golfing style, not brilliant, but always there or thereabouts, making 78 to 83's. The golf on Friday was not brilliant except in spots. Evans was two up and three to play. Of the remaining holes one is a short hole, one hundred and twenty-eight yards; the next is a dog-leg hole, about three hundred and seventy yards; and the last a four hundred and ten yards hole. Evans lost the short hole in three to four. The seventeenth he lost by Fownes laying a full iron shot dead, and getting a three. At the last hole both were on the green, Fownes having a more difficult putt down the hill. Fownes laid his ball dead; Evans tried to run his putt down, passed the hole by eight feet, missed the next putt, and so lost the championship by one hole. It was a hard match to lose, but it was splendidly plucky work on Fownes's part. The next day Fownes played a Western player named Wood of Chicago. Wood is capable of very fine golf, but is erratic. Fownes's splendidly sound match-play golf proved superior to the wild work of Wood, whose driving of balls out of bounds and loosely-played approaches could not be made up by the number of brilliant holes that he brought off. Thus Fownes won the championship.

Travis played splendid golf until Thursday; but he is, perhaps, not physically strong enough to go through any tournament, and it really was sad to see how he faded away on Thursday afternoon. The power was gone, and he was easily defeated.

It pleased me to see that the semi-finalists all played with the regulation club. However, a large number of the competitors putted with the Schenectady.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### FOOT-AND-MOUTH DISEASE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Sir Edward Strachey, in reply to a recent question in the House of Commons respecting an outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease in Yorkshire, explained that under Article 4 of the Foot-and-mouth Disease Order, which applies to any place declared to be infected with the disease, the removal was prohibited of anything from such place without permission in writing of an inspector of the Board of Agriculture or of the local authority, and then only when such things had been properly disinfected. All persons leaving the affected area, he further explained, had to be properly disinfected, and, in fact, the same precautions were taken as would be taken in a case of smallpox or scarlet fever affecting human beings. From the foregoing statement of the procedure adopted in outbreaks of this disease it might appear that all possible precautions are taken to minimise its spread, and, indeed, save in the essential matter of disinfection, it seems probable that such is actually the case. The exception, however, is a highly important one, for the futility of attempting to stamp out an infectious outbreak without the aid of adequate disinfection must be obvious. And that the mode of disinfection prescribed by the Disinfection Order of 1906 is not suited to the particular purpose required of it, unfortunately, admits of very little doubt. It is as follows:

The place or thing or the part thereof required to be disinfected shall be thoroughly coated or washed with

(a) a one per cent. (minimum) solution of chloride of lime, containing not less than thirty per cent. of available chlorine; or

(b) a five per cent. (minimum) solution of carbolic acid (containing not less than ninety-five per cent. of actual carbolic acid), followed by a thorough sprinkling with limewash; or

(c) a disinfectant equal in disinfective efficiency to the above-mentioned solution of carbolic acid, followed by a thorough sprinkling with limewash.

The Board, in calling for a five per cent. solution of carbolic acid "containing not less than ninety-five per cent. of actual carbolic," demands what is practically an impossibility. In days gone by, when the acid was present in the form of phenol, it may have been possible to obtain a five per cent. solution. Present-day "commercial carbolic acid," such as would now be used for purposes of disinfection, contains, however, little, if any, phenol, this having been withdrawn for other purposes and replaced by acids of varying disinfective activity, but for the most part of very slight solubility in water. An ordinary sample of "commercial carbolic acid" requires some five hundred times its own volume of water to dissolve it with difficulty, and even when it is dissolved the solution is, of course, too weak to possess disinfective efficiency in any available exposure. As far back as 1881 Koch stated that with a five per cent. solution of carbolic acid "applied in whatever manner, even after ten repeated applications, the whole of the organisms are not destroyed, and disinfection carried out in this way remains untrustworthy." As regards chloride of lime, in order to realise the extreme unsuitability of preparations of this nature for use in animal diseases, it is only necessary to recall the readiness with which the disinfective action of the hypochlorites is nullified by contact with any considerable bulk of organic matter. Grüber has shown that for the efficient disinfection of cattle trucks a solution of chlorinated lime had to be applied over and over again, one or even two applications giving no satisfactory result. Much has been added to our knowledge of the subject since the method of disinfection still employed by the Board of Agriculture was first introduced, and in view of the importance of an efficient system in the control of diseases of animals, one cannot but regret that the Board should be unable or unwilling to consider the desirability of a revision of that method.—J. T. AINSIE WALKER.

## HALF-TIMBER WORK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to the article in your issue dated October 1st describing one of Mr. C. F. A. Voysey's houses (The Homestead, Frinton-on-Sea), may I ask you to be good enough to correct in your next issue the statement that real half-timber work is not allowed under the local building bye-laws? These bye-laws, allowing half-timber work, were made five years ago, and in view of the statement made it is strange that real half-timber work is being constructed on a house now being built on land that was, until recently, part of The Homestead garden.

—E. M. BATE, Surveyor to the Council, Frinton-on-Sea, Essex.

[No correction is necessary. What the bye-laws give in one clause they withdraw in another, by insisting upon four and a-half inches of brick being placed at the back of every portion of timber.—Ed.]

## ICH DIEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent "Tychicus," in his letter to you published on the 17th ult., does not seem to be aware that the King John slain at Crécy, from which the Black Prince is said to have taken the motto "Ich Dien," was only King of Bohemia in right of his wife. He was John of Luxemburg, son of the Kaiser Henry VII., and as he was, therefore, a German by nationality, there is every reason why he should have used a German motto.—HELEN EMILY FORBES.

## A SURVIVAL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be much obliged if you could give me any information as to the object of enclosed photograph. It is of wrought iron, two feet five inches high, with traces of paint and gilding; the bar at the back is curved above the central shield, and again above the rest or socket, by which a band probably attached it to a pillar. I am told that it is a flag-holder which was removed from the cross at Holt, the staff passing through the crown-shaped object at the top, and the base resting on the cup-shaped socket near the bottom.—BASIL OXENDEN.

## PRIZES FOR COTTAGES AND SMALL FARMS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Although several agricultural and kindred societies have for many years offered prizes in different parts of England and Wales to promote the better cultivation and management of allotments and holdings of varying sizes, there is no organised system such as that under the Department of Agriculture in Ireland. A definite scheme was introduced there in 1901, and has steadily developed. Last year it was in operation in every county except five, the number of entries had risen to four thousand and four and about four thousand five hundred and twenty-eight pounds were expended in prizes. The scheme comprises two distinct sections, the first being confined to *bona-fide* cottagers, and the second to *bona-fide* farmers who reside on their farms and work them themselves, while at least one-fourth of the arable land of each competitor must be tillage. In the cottage sections the following points are considered by the judges: (a) Cleanliness and general order of cottages and premises; (b) cultivation of the gardens, including freedom from weeds, and well-kept fences and walks; (c) varieties of vegetables, fruits and flowers; (d) arrangement of manure-heap; (e) general management and care of livestock, particularly pigs and poultry (special attention to be given to quality and housing) and management of bees. In the small farm sections the points are: (a) Cleanliness, order and economy in the dwelling-house and offices, including poultry-houses; (b) judicious character of cropping, efficiency of cultivation, arrangement of manure-heaps and provision for collecting liquid manure; (c) cultivation of the garden, variety of vegetables and fruit trees; (d) general condition of land under grass, care of fences, gates, water-courses, etc.; (e) freedom from weeds, especially grass land, stock-yards and head-lands; (f) cultivation of head-lands; (g) management and care of livestock and poultry, quality to be particularly considered; (h) special credit to be given if simple accounts of receipt and expenditure are kept. The itinerant instructors in agriculture act as judges, but wisely each is assigned to a county other than that in which he is employed in connection with his ordinary duties. It is stated that the system has resulted in a marked improvement in the premises of the prize-winners, in the condition of the gardens and farms and in the quality and care of both livestock and poultry. In view of the rapid increase in the number of small holders, it would be eminently desirable if the Board of Agriculture could formulate some analogous scheme here, and a portion of the Development Grant might fitly be appropriated towards carrying it into effect. Encouragement of this kind would do much to ensure that the holdings are cultivated to the best advantage.—JOHN C. MEDD.

## LANDRAILS IN ORKNEY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The remarks published on the scarcity of landrails in your issue of September 24th are specially interesting to me, who have just returned from a small

island in Orkney. On four other occasions I had been there (once, it is true, in October, but with that exception always in August and September), but never have I suspected the presence of this species till this last visit, when one day I was astonished to hear its characteristic "crake" coming from a cornfield. Making enquiries, I learnt from the farmer with whom I was staying that many of these birds visited this island annually; and, indeed, that very summer some twenty full-grown, together with about a dozen young ones, had been turned out of a single grassfield that was being mown. Landrails, he said, began to arrive in the middle of May. Orcadians are always reticent, so naturally no information was received till sought, yet it is strange that during so many visits neither my friends nor I had ever heard or seen a landrail, though, presumably, they were there all the while. The number mentioned strikes me as very large for an island under one thousand acres. Walking through standing corn does not improve it, so our investigations had to be very cursory. However, a couple were flushed from the field in question, one of which was shot. Consulting "Morris's Birds" I find landrails are regular visitors to Orkney, but till this year I was under the impression that they were more or less confined to Southern Counties, and had no notion they came so far North as these bleak, wind-swept islands.—P. F. L. CAUTLEY.

## BULLFINCHES AND BUDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With regard to the article in last week's COUNTRY LIFE respecting damage done to buds by bullfinches and blackbirds, etc., in Kent, may I be allowed space to suggest the following remedy, which will most successfully prevent bullfinches, etc., eating fruit buds? A bucketful of scalding water, a handful or two of quicklime, half a pint of paraffin and a good-sized lump of dripping; mix the whole together, and before it is cold syringe your fruit trees with it from each point of the compass. Growing cold at once, the mixture will adhere to the twigs and buds, and the rain, because of the grease in the composition, will not wash it off, but will make the buds so very nasty that neither bullfinches nor anything else will touch them. If this remedy is tried the problem is solved without killing thousands.—T. S. H.

## THE NESTING OF OWLS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In his letter, published in your issue of last week, in reference to the statement that all owls lay at least four eggs every year and generally hatch them out in couples, Mr. Beney might have quoted further evidence to show that this requires modification. In the first volume of the fourth edition of "Yarrell's British Birds," edited by the late Professor Newton, it is stated, for instance, that the tawny owl lays from three to four eggs, while in an article on the breeding of the long-eared owl in the *Field* of 1905 Mr. J. W. Bond mentions that "the eggs vary from three to seven in number, but four to six is the most usual clutch. . . . The eggs are never laid on successive days, but the bird sits hard on the first and succeeding ones. Consequently, eggs and young, or owlets, of quite dissimilar ages may be met with in the same nest." Again, it is stated in Yarrell that the Scops owl lays from two to four or five eggs; that the number laid by the short-eared owl seldom exceeds from three to five, and also that from three to five eggs are laid by the little owl. Later on in the same work it is recorded that the barn-owl commonly lays from two to six eggs in a clutch, and also that a second, or even a third, laying may take place before the first family leaves the nest, so that owlets of three different ages may be seen in the same nursery. The largest clutches are laid by the hawk-owl and the snowy owl, the number of eggs being given in Yarrell as from five to eight in the case of the former; and from six to eight, or even more, in that of the latter. Finally, as mentioned by Mr. Beney on other evidence, the female of the eagle-owl is stated in Yarrell to lay two or three eggs, this being apparently the smallest number produced by any European member of the group. It appears, therefore, that nearly all the European owls may lay less than four eggs in a clutch, and that three is the maximum number in the case of the eagle-owl. Nowhere can I find mention of the eggs of any of the species being hatched in pairs. It may be added that a very large number of eggs of British and foreign species of owls are entered in the second volume of the British Museum "Catalogue of Birds' Eggs," but in no instance, unfortunately, is there a statement to the effect that any of the items constitute a complete clutch.—R. L.

## A SEPTEMBER LEVERET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On September 22nd, when shooting at Glendale, in Skye, one of our dogs made a long and very steady point. On going up to the dog we found he was pointing a common brown hare, which could not have been more than a couple of hours old! The hare, I may also add, was on the top of a hill, some hundred feet in height, which surely is a rare breeding-place for brown hares!—J. C. LAIDLAY.

[The circumstance is not very extraordinary, as in mild seasons hares have been known to breed in every month of the year.—Ed.]



AN IRON FLAG-HOLDER?



## THE LIMPET-GATHERER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The grotesque figure shown in the accompanying photograph may possibly be familiar to such of your readers who have fished



GATHERING LIMPETS.

any lacey?" "Sketch my picture, is it?" "Sixpence!"—then reflectively—"or a match!" She was handed a box of matches, the only box, and after much fumbling in the folds of her voluminous rags drew forth an evil-smelling clay pipe, which, after lighting with much deliberation, she puffed and puffed with the joy of a satisfied longing. In a moment of abstraction she consigned the box of matches to the inmost recesses of her garments, and neither threats nor protests availed anything. Oblivious of all, "the poor orphan" gazed out to sea, took a deep draw at her pipe, spat prodigiously on the ground at my feet, then departed silently on her quest for the children's supper, and "matchless" I watched her grotesque figure bobbing up and down in and around the rocks until she became indistinguishable from them in the distance.—J. CRUWYS RICHARDS.

## EARLY JACK SNIBE IN CARDIGANSHIRE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may be of interest to record that on September 22nd I killed a jack snipe in fine condition. This is from a month to six weeks earlier than the average arrival. The earliest record I have is one on July 15th, 1885.—S. E.

## "MAG": THE BIRD OF OMEN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In recent issues you have had letters relative to the number of magpies seen together. It may be of interest to record that a flock of ten have been constantly in the garden and grounds of this house during the past summer. The flock seems to have broken up during the past week. From constantly observing them I formed the opinion that they were four old birds and six youngsters; in fact, two broods that had joined up. They were all extremely amicable, and joined forces against a large number of rooks which alighted on the grass land every evening.—WILLIAM CAPPER, Government House, Royal Military College, Sandhurst.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In Jersey magpies may be met with in abundance. I have seen there as many as twenty to thirty birds in one flock. Magpies abound also on the neighbouring mainland of France, particularly in Normandy and Brittany. From this well-known prevalence of the magpie in France an American humorist once evolved a pleasing yarn, which, perhaps, will bear being spun over again. This veracious anecdote then, as I remember it, related that once upon a time a certain Breton farmer was rendered desperate by the damage done to his crops by marauding magpies, which, driven away time after time, only returned in

greater numbers. One day while the farmer was sitting at dinner his boy came running into the house to tell him that a vast flock of magpies had settled in his field of young corn. The farmer, starting up, seized his gun, but recollected as he did so that he had no shot with which to load it. Nothing daunted, however, he filled the ancient weapon with tin tacks and rushed out of the house to take vengeance on the thieves. What a sight met his eyes! So numerous were the magpies that the field in which they were feeding showed black and white like a chequer-board. The harassed farmer clapped his hands loudly, whereupon all the magpies, alarmed, flew into a big tree. The farmer took aim and fired, with the result that the magpies were nailed fast to the branches by the charge of tin tacks. Then a strange thing happened. The magpies, with one strong united effort, pulled up the tree by its roots and flew away with it.—J. RUDGE HARDING.

## LESNES ABBEY BARN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Excavations on the site of the ancient abbey of Lesnes, near Erith, in Kent, have recently brought to light an interesting mediæval stone effigy and



THE OLD BARN, INTERIOR.

many remains illustrative of the architectural features and plan of the monastic buildings. These discoveries, interesting and important as they are, will probably be surpassed by others when the ground is completely uncovered. But it seems a thousand pities that the magnificent Abbey Barn, after withstanding the sunshine and storms of centuries, should have been ruthlessly pulled down only a year or two ago. The barn was a noble building of six

bays, extending to a length of about one hundred and twenty feet and displaying great skill in the selection and arrangement of its timbers.—GEORGE CLINCH.



REMAINS OF LESNES ABBEY.

## HERRING CAUGHT ON A FLY.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I write to tell you about a funny "catch" I had a short time ago in Norway, and to ask if you have ever heard of it before. I always fished with a fly, and among other fish I caught a herring. It was in the evening, and I was using a small coachman fly. I have never heard of this before, and I shall be rather interested to hear if you have. A flounder was also landed on a fly in a sea rapid which runs into a salt lake.—P.